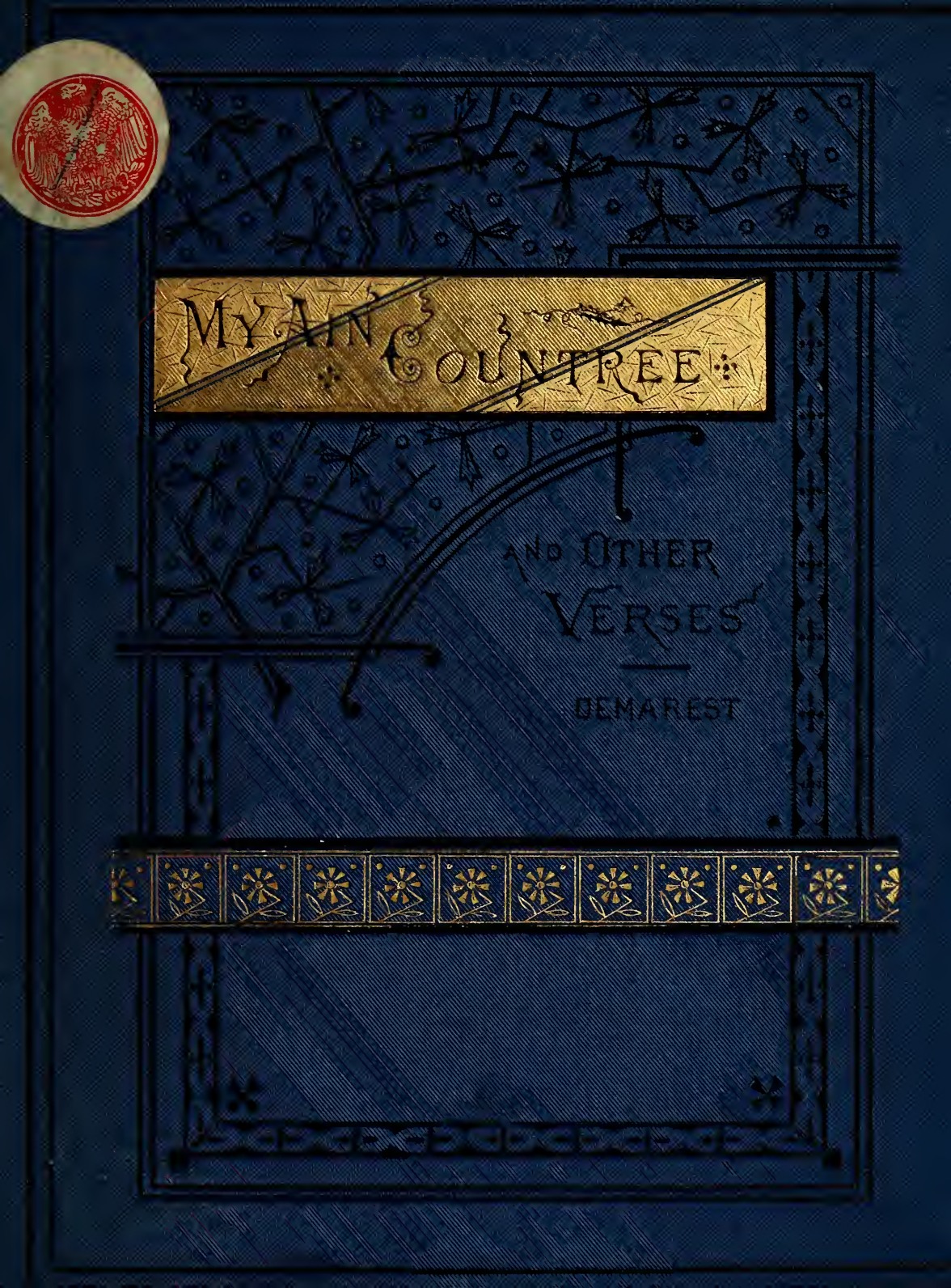
MY AIN COUNTREE
AND OTHER VERSES
DEMAREST

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MY AIN COUNTREE

AND

OTHER VERSES.

By MARY LEE DEMAREST.

33

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AUTHOR'S NOTE.

SOME of the verses here gathered together, have from time to time been published in various magazines and newspapers.

By the courtesy of Messrs. Harper & Brothers, and also the editors of the *Illustrated Christian Weekly*, of the *Youth's Companion*, and of other periodicals, articles which have appeared in their columns are here reprinted.

The Scotch verses, "My Ain Countree," were written in 1861, and were first published in the *New York Observer*, over my signature, "L.," in nearly their present form.

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MY AIN COUNTREE,

AND

OTHER VERSES.

MY AIN COUNTREE.

"*But now they desire a better country, that is, an heavenly.*"—Heb. xi. 16.

I'm far frae my hame, an' I'm weary after-whiles,
For the langed-for hame-bringing an' my Father's welcome smiles;
I'll ne'er be fu' content, until mine een do see
The shining gates o' heaven an' my ain countree.
The earth is flecked wi' flowers, mony-tinted, fresh an' gay,
The birdies warble blithely, for my Father made them sae;
But these sights an' these soun's will as naething be to me,
When I hear the angels singing in my ain countree.

I've His gude word o' promise that, some gladsome day, the King
To His ain royal palace His banished hame will bring.
Wi' een an' wi' hearts runnin' owre, we shall see
The King in His beauty in our ain countree.

MY AIN COUNTREE.

My sins hae been mony, an' my sorrows hae been sair,
But there they'll never vex me, nor be remembered mair ;
His bluid has made me white, His hand shall dry mine e'e,
When He brings me hame at last, to my ain countree.

Like a bairn to its mither, a wee birdie to its nest,
I wad fain be ganging noo, unto my Saviour's breast ;
For He gathers in His bosom witless, worthless lambs like me,
And carries them Himsel' to His ain countree.
Nae mickle noo I ken o' the joy sae fu' an' gran',
An' the pleasures evermair that abide at His richt han' ;
It will surely be eneuch forevermair to be,
I' the Hame He has prepared, i' my ain countree.

He's faithfu' that hath promised, He'll surely come again,
He'll keep His tryst wi' me, at what hour I dinna ken ;
But He bids me still to wait, an' ready aye to be,
To gang at ony moment to my ain countree.
So I'm watching aye, an' singing o' my hame as I wait
For the soun'ing o' His footfa' this side the shining gate.
God gi'e His grace to ilk ane wha listens noo to me,
That we a' may gang in gladness to our ain countree.

A GOOD AND A GLAD NEW YEAR.

FAINTLY the Old Year's pulses beat,
While the moon shone full and bright
On the silent waste of the Southern Sea,
And the ship's long wake of white.
Away from the North, and away from the Past,
With a backward glance I sailed,
Remembering all I had longed to be,
And how I had sadly failed.

I thought of the life unhelpful, poor,
That might have been brave and fair,
Of the deeds undone and the words unsaid,
Of the failure everywhere.
Ah, never the lost chance comes again
For the deed to be nobly done,
For the finished fight once more to be fought,
For the race again to be run.

Good-bye to all that I might have been
In the year that is dying fast!

The Future yet may nobler be
For the failures of the Past:
While the Lord above has grace and strength
To dispel every want and fear,
And hope springs up, with a glad new life,
For a good and a glad New Year.

GONE.

We knelt by the dying bed
Of one who was soon to go
Beyond the touch of our earthly life,
With its changing joy and woe;
Beyond the clasp of our human love,
To the world we do not know.

The silvery tick of the clock
Seemed far away and strange,
For one little moment brought to us
A sense of loss and change,—

GONE.

Of something forever gone, beyond
  Our human reach and range.

Oh, the awful mystery
  Of the change that we call Death,
When the finger of God is laid on the lips,
  And hushes the struggling breath.
Dear Lord, how dark it must be for those
  Without Jesus of Nazareth!

He knows it, knows it all,
  For He hung upon the tree,
Those long, long hours of death-in-life,
  In His mortal agony.
His heart can pity our hearts that shrink
  From the strange Eternity.

He passed from the scoffs and the jeers
  To His Father's throne on high,
And opened the gates of Paradise,
  When He uttered His long, last cry.
Dear, pitiful Lord, who died for us,
  Be close to us when we die.

GONE.

Our hearts are hushed with the thought
  Of the glory to be revealed,
When the lips of the dumb shall sing for joy,
  And the eyes of the blind be unsealed;
When we know the Lord as our glorious Sun,
  As well as our mighty Shield!

Oh, Love that is perfect now,
  Oh, Life that is sweet and grand!
Upon the threshold if one might turn,
  And clasp our trembling hand,
Could she tell us of Heavenly things in words
  That our hearts could understand?

Ah, no! from the sweet, still lips,
  No answer comes back to my own.
She has gone—she has gone to our Father's House,
  Where she knows as she is known.
Her heart in heaven and ours on earth,
  May meet at the Great White Throne.

WILLIE'S PRAYER.

In the pleasant nursery, bright
With the wood-fire's dancing light,
Full of fun, with many a shout
White-robed children run about.

Now, the bed-time frolic past,
Mother's voice calls them at last:
"Come, my darlings, come and pray
For God's blessing, night and day."

Then they kneel, with fair heads bowed,
And together pray aloud:
"Our Father," and again,
"Now I lay me." Silence then,
Like a halo, seems to fall
On the bended heads of all.
For Mamma said God would hear
What they whispered in His ear.
So their childish wishes sweet
Silently their hearts repeat.

WILLIE'S PRAYER.

Now are raised two curly heads :—
"Come and kiss us in our beds"—
"Tuck us up, please, Mother dear,"
Pleads one darling in her ear ;
For her good-night kiss, caressing,
Is to them like Heaven's blessing.

Only Willie lingers where
They all knelt by Mother's chair ;
Puzzled, troubled with the doubt
Whether he should ask right out
For one thing he wanted so.
Mother said that God would know
What was bad, and that He would
Only give us what was good.
So—"Please, God, to give to me
All the good things that would be
Good things that are good for me."

Oh, the trust and wisdom rare
Of the boy's true-hearted prayer !
I, with all my added years,
Sad to-night with many fears,

WILLIE'S PRAYER.

Would be happier if I should
Change my prayer for doubtful good,
Leaving to my Father's ken
What to give, and how and when ;
Glad to have Him always know
What things I have wanted so,
And to let His love decide
What good things must be denied
To me now. For peace and strife,
Loss, possession, death, and life,
Present things, and things to come,—
Safely kept for me at home,—
All are mine, and God will make
"Good for me" for Jesus' sake.

So to-night my heart has caught
Blessing from the child's sweet thought,
And to rest, untroubled, deep,
Now I lay me down to sleep.

FAITH AND PATIENCE.

"*Ye have need of patience, that, after ye have done the will of God, ye might receive the promise.*"—HEB. x. 36.

LORD, give to me that fearless trust
  Which clasps Thy promise sweet and sure,
  And sees by faith the germ mature,
Though now it lieth low in dust.

Deep down beneath the lighter soil
  I hide the seed with many a prayer,
  Knowing Thy Spirit must be there,
Or else in vain is all my toil.

Tho' buried seed and harvest sheaf
  Are past and future unto me,
  They both are present, Lord, to Thee :—
Lord Jesus, help mine unbelief !

A thousand of our toilsome years
  To Thee are but one day of light ;
  And, floating in Thy Sun, how bright
Our little mote of life appears !

FAITH AND PATIENCE.

This life so brief, and yet so grand,
So full of mystery, read aright,
So fraught with meaning, full of might—
I still am slow to understand.

Lord! open Thou my blinded eyes
To see the angels camping round;
The seed that burst from garden-ground
Has made earth more than Paradise.

"The grain of wheat must fall and die,"
To bear the Eternal Harvest sheaf;
Oh! vivify my slow belief,
Thou who didst three days buried lie.

Help me to take Thee at Thy word;
Forever true I know Thou art:
When I have done in faith my part,
Thine will not be too long deferred.

And yet Thou knowest I am prone,
Saviour, to doubt if love of Thine

Would reach to depths where love of mine
Would gladly go, though all alone.

Oh, shameful doubt of Love most grand,
And deep and high beyond our thought!
Let me no longer count as naught
The Love I can not understand.

Thou knowest, Saviour, how to show
Lost souls Thy purposes of love:
Thy ways and thoughts are far above
Our puny thoughts that creep below.

Thou watchest, out of human sight,
The precious, quickened seed take root;
We only see the springing shoot,
And dream it sprung up in a night.

And all is Thine:—the seed we sow,
The hand that sows it, and the faith
That clings to what Thy mercy saith,
And trusts where now it may not know.

So here I cast upon Thy heart
The souls I long to see Thee save:
Thy mercy, Lord, for them I crave,
Saviour of sinners, Thou who art!

WHEN SHADOWS DEEPEN.

When shadows deepen and the path grows dark,
And skies are sombre at the close of day,
Nor lingers now the faintest evening red,
"The sun has set," we say.

As if the sun had ever ceased to shine,
As though our pathway ever had grown dim,
Until—ah, not, he turned away from us—
Until—we turned from him.

At night, when mists and vapors of the earth
Hang dense and heavy as a prison's bars,
Between us and their far-off myriad eyes,
We say, "There are no stars!"

And yet, high hosts of God, their shining watch,
Like Israel's faithful Shepherd, still they keep,
Through blaze of noon, or blackness of the night,
While we awake or sleep.

Our words are echoes of our little thoughts.
God's thoughts are not as ours. Far, far above,
Beyond us, holding fast the Universe,
Beats His great Heart of Love.

Ah, love beyond our measure as the sea,
And higher than the stars, more vast than space;
What meaneth, "God *so* loved," we learn alone,
In Christ our Saviour's face.

VETERAN TOM AND THE SURGEON.

A FIRST-RATE surgeon, sir, you are,
To bathe and set and bind
Our broken bones, but you can't set
At rest a troubled mind.

VETERAN TOM AND THE SURGEON.

I've heard you talking, many a time ;
  You are so young and free
You'll not be vexed, sir, with the words
  Of an old man like me ?
Now, what's the use of blaming God,
  And pulling things apart ?
Does all this fretting save from sin
  Or heal a broken heart ?
Men can't find out by guessing, sir,
  Just how they got their breath,
Nor where the atom came from first,
  Nor what comes after death.
And when some dreadful grief or loss
  Comes marching on with doubt,
They find from everything in life
  The bottom drops right out.
I've heard how one—a great man, sir,
  In England—who denied
The God that made him, broke his heart
  When his own idol died.
I was so sorry for that man !
  If he had only known

VETERAN TOM AND THE SURGEON.

God loves us far too well to give
  Our hungry hearts a stone!
A pity 'tis, sir, as you say,
  Some folks whom God has fed
Don't seem to know the difference
  Between a stone and bread.
You see, we are so obstinate,
  So foolish, sir, and blind,
Outside our prison-doors we say,
  "The cell's more to our mind."
And many a time we grow so proud
  That we are sure to fall;
But mind you, sir, the fault is ours,
  And not the Lord's at all.
And as for doubts and questionings
  That vex so many still,
He says His doctrine shall be known
  To them who do His will.

You want to hear my story, sir?
  It's kind of you, I'm sure;

VETERAN TOM AND THE SURGEON.

I'm only Tom the veteran,
A cripple, old and poor.
I went into the army, sir,
When I was but a lad;
For nigh on thirty years, it was
The only home I had.
And then I quit, sir, for a while.
What made me change my life?
Why, we had laid some money up,
Myself and my good wife,
(She didn't like the service much,
She thought it made me wild);
And so we bought a little home
For us and for the child.
But soon our boy fell sick and died;
It was a fearful blow.
My wife had all the courage then;
I got so awful low,
And fretted so against the Lord,
She said to me one day:
"Tom, don't you think it's time that you
Should give the Lord His way?

He'll do His will, you may be sure,
No matter how we fight;
And though my arms are empty, Tom,
I know His ways are right."

I quit my grumbling, then and there.
We had a blessed life
Together for one twelvemonth; then
He took away my wife.
Oh, sir, I did not fight Him then;
It seemed to me her prayer,
Her dying prayer to God, it was
That kept me from despair;
For just when all the world grew dark
The Lord became my light;
I reached my empty arms to Him—
I knew His ways were right.

Then other troubles came through men—
They swore I was a thief,
They stole my good name from me, sir,
And gave me years of grief.

VETERAN TOM AND THE SURGEON.

They called me canting hypocrite,
  Mocked at my God and jeered,
Until one day the thief confessed,
  And my good name was cleared.
But, oh, in every trouble, sir,
  And in my sore disgrace,
I never found the gracious Lord
  Had turned away His face.
Not for my goodness—no, sir, no!
  But for His faithfulness;
The Lord's a friend that always sticks
  The closer in distress.

Yes, that was years and years ago,
  And now I'm old and lame;
They sent me to this hospital
  The year before you came.
I'd rather not be pensioned off,
  Though I am only fit
To help the sicker fellows, sir,
  And cheer them up a bit.
I'm like that old cup on the shelf,

That's only good to hold
Fresh water for some thirsty chap
(It's clean, sir, though it's old).
The devil used to whisper, sir,
"It is a trifle hard
That when a fellow wants to march,
He's ordered to stand guard."
But now I wait my Captain's word;
'Twill sound through all the host.
I want Him, when He comes, to find
Me faithful at my post.

You ask me, Does His service pay?
Aye, sir, *indeed it do;*
He died for me, He saved my soul—
He'll do the same for you.
With all your learning and your strength,
Your free and hearty ways,
Oh, 'list for Jesus, and you'll find
How well His service pays!

EVEN IN SARDIS.

"*Thou hast a few names even in Sardis, which have not defiled their garments, and they shall walk with me in white: for they are worthy.*"—REV. iii. 4.

WHITE robes among earth's filthy rags,
And trustful hearts and tireless feet
That walk in heavenly whiteness, while
They yet do tread Life's dusty street.

Souls climbing still the thorny path
With heavenward eyes and faces bright,
Uncaring for the rugged way,
So they but keep their garments white.

White robes in Sardis! noble names
Graven on God's fair roll of Life,—
Of soldiers steadfast at their posts,
Who fight unflinching through the strife!

Oh, faithful few! who cling till Death
To Him who holds the palm and crown,
Seeking no worldly fame, nor wreath;
Heedless of earthly smile or frown.

EVEN IN SARDIS.

O Saviour! Thou who walkest still
Amidst the candlesticks of gold;
Whose own right hand the seven stars
Both now and evermore doth hold—

We have not overcome the world.
Thy words ring out 'midst cares and mirth:
"When comes again the Son of man,
Shall He find faith upon the earth?"

Grant us, dear Christ! white Sardis hearts—
To cleave to Thee when all forsake;
To love Thee for Thyself, and all
The world as only for Thy sake.

And facing thus the deadly foe,
With banner of Thy cross unfurled,
We may fulfill Thy last behest,
"Be in," yet "be not of the world."

So, battling ever in Thy strength
'Gainst foes without and foes within,
We may be conquerors at length
And many a trophy for Thee win.

Oh, keep us, when we struggle hard,
From trusting to our courage tried ;
Help us to make our only boast
In our dear Leader glorified ;

Teach us to labor, wrestle, pray,
To walk in love, in God's own light,
And, living 'mong the Sardis dead,
Be clad each day in spotless white.

"Even in Sardis," walking thus ;
Then whensoe'er Thy summons be,
We may uplift our joyful hands,
And go to walk in white with Thee.

THE SABBATH SUNSET HOUR OF PRAYER.

All through one day in the seven,
While the work-days' banners are furled,
A beautiful mystic girdle
Unseen is clasping our world.

THE SABBATH SUNSET HOUR OF PRAYER.

In many a secret chamber,
In many a heart unknown,
In wilderness, village, and city,
The links of that wonderful zone

Are silently, steadily forming,
As, borne on the evening air,
To our Father in heaven uprises
The voice of the Hour of Prayer—

Of prayer for the dying heathen;
Oh, is it not sweet to think
Each moment throughout the Lord's day
Is welding a golden link;

And each beautiful, fading sunset,
Bearing heavenward many a plea,
Sheds glory forever westward—
A sunrise far over the sea?

From lands whose happiest daughters
Hear the call of the Master, "Go";

THE SABBATH SUNSET HOUR OF PRAYER.

From lands where our fettered sisters
  Are dying so fast in their woe,

While the hearts that tell them of Jesus
  In sympathy soon would break,
Except for the Comforter's presence,
  And the thought of His dear sake ;

From Europe, America, Asia,
  And the grand dark Afric land,
In the Sabbath sunset are gathered
  Some links of that endless band.

For the sun in his circling journey,
  Ere he bids each land good-night,
As a mighty muezzin calleth,—
  " Pray, pray for the Gospel light."

In accord are our Babel voices
  When we bow at the mercy-seat,
And there are no sundering oceans
  When we gather at Jesus' feet.

THE SABBATH SUNSET HOUR OF PRAYER.

From the lips of women and children,
Made dumb by the scourge and the thong,
At the touch of the Hand that was wounded,
Uprises a jubilant song.

For land after land rejoices
That the Word of our God is free,
That the earth shall be filled with His knowledge
As the waters that cover the sea.

With the faith that removeth mountains,
Let us pray, while we hopefully sing,
And build in the wastes of the desert
A highway for our King.

Oh, Hour of Prayer for the heathen—
God make it more mighty and sweet!
Let it bind His children together,
While they watch for the beautiful feet

Of Him who *has* asked for the heathen,
Who loves them, and taught us to pray

That the King would come in His kingdom,
And a nation be born in a day.

A PRISONER OF HOPE.

"*To bring out the prisoners from the prison.*"—Is. xlii. 7.

A PRISONER of hope,
And even here held in the Lord's embrace,
That, first of heaven's glories, thou may'st see His face,
When Death thy cell shall ope!

The chains of sense and sin,
That fetter now thy spirit, wear away,
One link, and now another, day by day,
As Jesus "shuts thee in."

The exile homeward bound
Still hasteth, though he groans 'neath mortal load.
The racer sometimes faints along the road,
Before his brows are crowned.

Yet still the Master's breast
Is near when earthly rests are all removed;

His heart beats closest to His own beloved,
When He alone is guest.

In this hushed house of grief,
Where linger still the echoes of their feet
Who bore away our dearest—golden wheat
And flowers in one sheaf—

We patiently would wait
Until we hear the Master's longed-for call;
Until our spirits catch His far foot-fall
This side the city's gate.

Then, gladly and in haste,
As Mary erst, would we arise and fling
The damps and darkness off, which ever cling
Where Death's sad lines are traced.

Thou camest, Lord, to free
Poor prisoners, like me, from earthly chains.
My ransom-price is paid. No debt remains
To witness against me.

So when Thy piercèd feet
Draw near my prison-house, straightway the door
Flies open, and with Thee forevermore
I tread the golden street.

"ASLEEP ON A PILLOW."

In a little boat on a southern sea,
One fair sunshiny day,
Upon a pillow I laid my head,
While my thoughts sailed far away ;—

To Him who slept, while raged the storm
On the changeful Galilee ;
To the sinking boat, and the failing faith,
Alike in jeopardy.

Oh, cowardice of faithless hearts
That could not trust the Christ !
His words—" Unto the other shore "—
Might surely have sufficed.

And yet, Lord Jesus, though my heart
  Springs up to hush their cry,—
Thou knowest, if I had been there,
  The first one had been I

To rouse Thee from Thy restful sleep;
  Forgetting Thou hadst said,
A little while before, Thou hadst
  Not where to lay Thy head!

The very foxes had their holes,
  The little birds their nest;—
Oh, pitiful! dear Lord, that Thou
  Shouldst have no earthly rest!

What know we of the nobler rest
  The Father gave His Son,—
Their joy together in the work
  Which Christ had nearly done?

Dear, perfect, human-hearted Lord,
  Most patient still to teach,

"BEHOLD MY HANDS AND MY FEET."

By miracle and parable,
Thy lesson unto each;

Be with us still, in calm and storm;
Show to our unbelief
The poor, wild souls across the sea,
That wait for Thy relief.

So give us courage, Lord, and faith,
Through fellowship with Thee,
And make us better by the thoughts
Thou sendest us at sea.

"BEHOLD MY HANDS AND MY FEET, THAT IT IS I MYSELF."

LUKE XXIV. 39.

WOUNDED hands and piercèd side,
Of my Saviour crucified,
Piercèd feet and thorn-pressed brow,
Oh, that I could see them now!
See the stripes which healed my soul,
See the wounds which made me whole!

"BEHOLD MY HANDS AND MY FEET."

Jesus, precious Saviour, shine
On this longing soul of mine!
Stay my heart upon Thy word
While Thou art my *absent* Lord.
Make me at each morning's light
Fairer, Jesus, in Thy sight.
With each nightfall give me rest,
On my blessèd Saviour's breast.

Daily living on Thy grace
Till I see Thy glorious face,
Draw me closer to Thy side,
Oh, my Saviour crucified!
Satan says, How can you dare
Make your rest and refuge there,
When you know your heart within
Is a dreadful pit of sin?
Yet, my precious Riven Rock,
Close round Thee my arms I lock.
Just because I'd else despair,
I have rushed for refuge there.
Jesus' love has opened wide
For my soul His piercèd side.

JESUS, MASTER!

"*Her sins, which are many, are forgiven: for she loved much: but to whom little is forgiven, the same loveth little.*"—LUKE vii. 47.

MASTER, I come to Thee,
Unworthy though I am, to bathe Thy feet with tears!
My heart of sorrow see,
And speak Thy word of peace to drive away my fears.

Thou knowest all my heart;
Its human cravings, which Thy love has still denied,
The bitter tears that start
Sometimes impatiently o'er hopes unsatisfied.

And, even worse than this,
The dull ingratitude and heartless unbelief,
That even 'neath Thy kiss
Of pardoning peace, would turn and put Thy soul to grief.

For sin is very strong;
And I am still so wavering and so prone to sin!
Lord! help me hate the wrong,
And make it bitter to me by Thy discipline.

Though angels high in Heaven
Should say, " This sinner is not fit our Lord to touch ";
" To whom is *much* forgiven,"
Thou said'st of Magdalen, " that sinner loveth much."

Dear Lord ! I thank Thy grace
That made me not an angel, but a struggling saint ;
That, with the weary race,
Gave also strength and courage to the weak and faint ;

I thank Thee, that I may
Not only once, like her of old at Simon's feast,
But on each earthly day,
Bring every sorrow, from the greatest to the least ;

Yet help me, Lord, to bring
Not only tears and kisses to Thy piercèd feet ;
But while I weep and sing,
Grant me to offer, too, the costly ointment sweet.

THE GARDENER.

Is this a flower of mine, its tendrils flinging
Low in the dust of earth ? I scarce can see,

In all this wayward, passionate earth-clinging,
One single impulse, Sun of Life, toward Thee.

Ah, strange this little flower my hand hath planted,
Shielded from wintry blasts and scorching heat,
Will never climb the lattice heavenward slanted,
And loves the darkness more than sunshine sweet.

I will unclasp these clinging tendrils binding
This poor plant earthward, though the needed knife,
Sundering swiftly what defies unwinding,
Should make it fain to yield its bleeding life.

My hand that hurts will heal. Not maimed and broken,
But whole and healthful shall thy new life be;
My sharpest pruning is my surest token
That strength and sweetness yet shall spring in thee.

No bloom nor beauty, leaves and tendrils only
Were in the old life with its earthly scope;
Give thy new sweetness to the sad and lonely,
And sunward turn thy face in heavenlier hope.

HERE AND AFTER HERE.

"*They shall call His name Emmanuel, which, being interpreted, is, God with us.*"—MATT. i. 23.

"*As Thou, Father, art in me, and I in Thee, that they also may be one in us.*"—JOHN xvii. 21.

HERE, Thou art with us, blest Emmanuel!
Our sympathizing, ever-present Friend.
Both here and after here, it still is well
With Thy Belovèd, e'en tho' heartstrings rend.
Yet here our hearts are often stricken mute:
We think, in our dumb anguish, they must break.
God knows the hidden sweetness of His lute,
Tightens the chords; then bids the music wake.
Ah, there, in that Hereafter long and blest,
Dwells He with us! Nay, more! we dwell in Him.
The shattered tabernacle hath its rest
Beneath the temple's shadowing cherubim.
So, friends who love me, when the last good-bye
Dies on my lips, be glad for me, and swell
Sweet holy psalms to waft my soul on high
To rest in my true home, Emmanuel!

THE BEST ROBE.

In the heavenly robing-room
Is a garment beyond price,
Woven in the ruddy loom
Of Immanuel's sacrifice.

Hark! A wayward child begins
To confess, all sin-defiled:
"Father, I, all guilt and sins,
Am not fit to be Thy child.

"Yet, oh, grant to me a place
As a servant"—Ere the thought
Finds his lips, the Father's grace
Sets his fears and shame at naught.

"Bring the robe," the great King cries;
Happy angels bring the best,
While the sorrowing beggar lies
Clasped unto his Father's breast.

"Clothe him in this royal dress—
'Tis my son, who once was lost,

Robe him in the righteousness
Which Immanuel's life-blood cost.

"Hither now, my servants, bring
Sandals for his bruisèd feet,
For his hand my royal ring,
Sonship's pledge and seal complete."

Joy in heaven! The glad refrain
Sweeps the universe around;
"One was dead who lives again,
God's dear wanderer is found!"

SONG OF MERCY.

"*Not by works of righteousness which we have done, but according to His mercy He saved us.*"—TITUS iii. 5.

THIS eventide, no loving deeds
Of mine have grateful incense sent
To Him, whose waiting face is bent
Above His golden censer,
While He intercedes.

The golden vials have out-poured
Their precious odors, dear High-Priest!
Of all the myriad prayers, the least
Was that ascended from
My heart, O patient Lord!

Oh, how canst Thou accept in Heaven,
Such worthless service, feeble love,
So slow its little life to prove—
Except as slumbering proved
The sorrowful Eleven!

Saviour, I shrink my prayers to bring;
My faith is loth to grasp Thy word,
And hope is like a wounded bird,
That scarcely can be made
To try its broken wing.

"My child! I know it better far
Than thou canst tell me; I have seen
Thy long day's toil; I know how keen
The sufferings of thy life
Of weary wrestling are.

"Press closer to my wounded side,
My child! Remember that in me,
All mine are justified and free.
Thou mayest make thy boast
In me, the Crucified!

"Not for their faithful, fervent prayers,
Are any saved! For love that burns
Are none accepted. Each one turns
From self and lays his hand
Upon the Lamb who bears

"The sins of failure, as of guilt.
Fear not! Whom I, the Lord, do choose
I often scourge; but *never* lose
One poor, weak, wayward lamb,
For whom my blood was spilt!"

COMFORTED.

"*As one whom his mother comforteth, so will I comfort you; and ye shall be comforted in Jerusalem.*"—ISAIAH lxvi. 13.

"YE shall be comforted!" As when a sobbing child
Within its mother's arms, its griefs confessed,

COMFORTED.

By her caresses fond unconsciously beguiled
From memories of pain, soon sinks to rest!

"*So will I comfort you.*" Dear Lord, our hearts are sore!
We would be little children once again,
But childhood would bring back the griefs we knew of yore,
And not the mother who caressed us then!

We need a stronger love; we seek a deeper rest—
Whose type and earnest we once knew in this;
The nestling of the child upon its mother's breast,
The sweet dreams won us by her good-night kiss.

Lord, grant us restful sleep, untroubled, sweet and calm;
Not fitful slumbers in life's fevered dream.
Oh, seal our weary eyelids with Thy touch of balm;
Not to re-ope until the Great Day's gleam.

And yet we are such children—foolish, weak, and blind—
That while we pray for sleep, Thy gentle hand
May change the calming cup, and, far more wise and kind,
Give needed bitterness, with this command:

"Drink, child! Thy Father's love shall make the unsought draught
Sweet to thy soul, though bitter to thy lips.
Think how for thee thy gracious Elder Brother quaffed
The cup of anguish,'neath my Love's eclipse."

Ah, Father! whatsoe'er Thy children truly need
Thou givest—not whatever we beseech.
Often we rashly think Thy pity gives no heed,
When still Thou holdest blessings out of reach.

But when the long, hard lesson we have learned at length,
And with unmurmuring meekness we receive
The cup whose bitter draught gives new and mighty strength,
We own Thy faithful love and no more grieve;

Resting in patient hope, although Thou long withhold
The chalice, death and life-brimmed, chrismal seal
Of conquest, at whose touch the gates of pearl unfold,
And all the golden city's bliss reveal.

We only wait as minors, till the glad birthday
Shall crown us kings before our Father's throne;

As exile princes now, although so far away,
We look unto the land we call our own.

Yet, comfortless as orphans Thou dost never make
Thine own. Who trust in Thee, Thou'lt keep in peace;
And when our night-time comes, Thou'lt bid us sleep to wake
Where every sob is hushed and sorrows cease.

A RECRUITING SONG.

Oh, who'll enlist for Jesus?
Who'll bear the Saviour's cross,
And count all earthly honors,
Compared with this, as dross?
Who'll guard our Captain's colors,
And all their foes defy?
A hundred voices answer,
"I will," "And I," "And I!"

He is the noblest Captain
That e'er on earth drew breath.
He vanquished hell and Satan,
And dying, conquered death.

A RECRUITING SONG.

He loved us when rebellious,
  And in the ranks of sin ;
He tenderly besought us,
  That He our love might win.

He sought us when deserters,
  To bring us back when found,
And will you let His colors
  Be trailed upon the ground ?
Come ! pledge your hearts and honor
  To fight for Him till death—
To stand beside the standard
  Of Christ of Nazareth.

Aye ! aye ! We'll fight for Jesus,
  And trust His mighty strength,
To fortify our weakness,
  And shield us, till at length
He'll give us glorious triumph
  O'er hell, the world, and sin,
When to the Great Headquarters
  We shall be gathered in.

A RECRUITING SONG.

"No Captain now but Jesus!"
Let this our watchword be,
This countersign He gives us,
"*Fear not, but follow Me.*"
And when we hear Him saying,
"Sleep now, and take your rest,"
We'll slumber till the joyful
Reveillé of the Blest.

To him that overcometh,
And through the deadly strife
Is unto death found faithful,
He'll give a Crown of Life.
And at the last grand muster,
Before the Great White Throne,
Our glorious Brother Captain
His soldiers' names will own.

Now is not this a Captain,
Beneath whose flag to fight,
Whose life-blood dyed His colors,
Whose cause is *always* right?

Come! rally round His standard,
  Ascended now on high,
O soldiers, shout the answer,
  "I will," "And I," "And I."

EASTER JOY.

"*Weeping may endure for a night, but joy cometh in the morning.*"—Ps. xxx. 5.

Joy in the morning cometh;
  Dear heart, why still be sad?
In Christ, our Resurrection,
  We may to-day be glad.

The glorious day-dawn breaketh,
  The shadows flee away;
For in our risen Saviour
  We rise anew each day.

No tomb of sin can hold us
  If we with Christ are dead;
For far above the heavens
  We live with Him, our Head.

MY PLEA.

In Him our life is hidden:
Who shall our peace destroy?
Each day "He gives us richly
All good things to enjoy."

Forgiveness, love, and guidance;—
All joys of this our lot—
Come from our loving Father,
Whose heart "upbraideth not."

Dear heart, why still go weeping?
The long, long night is past;
The true light now is shining,
And joy has come at last!

MY PLEA.

"*For Thy name's sake, O Lord! pardon mine iniquity; for it is great.*"
—PSALM XXV. 11.

OH, love of Christ most true and deep,
Stronger than Satan's hate!
Rest here thine only plea, my heart,
And be importunate:

MY PLEA.

I pray Thee, Lord, forgive my sins,
Because they are so great.

Full often I deny my Lord
In weakness, pride, and fears;
Thy patient love that chideth not,
Brings always bitter tears.
Dear Lord, how often Thou hast "turned
And looked" on me, these years!

Oh, break my heart, dear Christ, I pray,
With grief for grieving Thee;
And let Thy blood still take away
My broken heart from me,
Lest I should trust its brokenness,
Instead of trusting Thee.

My soul to-night is tempest-tossed,
And like a weary dove
Would make its rest within Thine arms,
And in Thine ebbless love
Would see the blessed Olive branch
All floods and fears above.

I will not doubt Thee, Lord, nor dread
  Lest, when all storms are past,
A dove of Thine should ever prove
  A raven at the last;
The love which lived through death for me
  Will surely hold me fast.

INTO THE HOLIEST.

"*By whom also we have access by faith into this grace wherein we stand.*"
—ROMANS v. 2.

INTO this grace, abiding, sweet,
Which like a magic room at first
  Before my eyes arose,
And daily to a loftier height,—
  A nobler grandeur, grows,
Oh, Door of Life, oh, living Door,
  Which never man shall close,
Thou led'st my wayward feet.

By Him we have received this grace
Wherein we, changeful in ourselves,
  Unchangeable shall stand,

In strength to which the mountain's cliffs
  Are like the shifting sand ;
In strength immovable because
  Supported by the Hand
Which shakes the mountain's base.

The purple Temple veil was rent
That we, as royal priests through Thee,
  " The new and living way,"
Close passing by the altar where
  The precious victim lay,
Into the Holiest Place of all
  Might enter day by day,
By " better Testament."

Oh, Living Ladder, up by Thee,
Into our Father's arms we climb
  As children very dear ;
And speaking all our fearless hearts
  We know that He will hear
The prayers whose childlike utterance
  May reach no human ear,
In love so glad and free.

Dear Brother Christ, to Thee we cling,
For Thou dost know our human frame,
And every human grief;
And by the way of painful cross
Thou bringest best relief.
What wonder then, that in our hearts
Thou shouldst be Lord and Chief,
Our Brother and Our King!

THE IRON GATE.

"*They came unto the iron gate that leadeth unto the city, which opened to them of its own accord.*"

With eyes whose vision-range is low,
With hearts that are content to grope,
We fail to see the hosts of God
That throng the higher hills of hope.

But still we know Thy angels, Lord,
Encamp around us day and night;
And sometimes faith uplifts the veil
That hides "the witnesses" from sight.

And when our captive hearts lie bound
By fetters which we can not break,
With shining light the angel comes,
And at his touch those hearts awake:

Awake to know that we are freed
From forces we could never fight;
To know deliverance has come
By prayer, and not by mortal might.

So, when with love unquestioning,
We trust the guidance of our Lord,
Each iron gate that bars the way
Will open of its own accord.

What, to the Lord of all the earth,
Are Herod and his men of war;
The stubborn heart of friend or foe,
The keepers, or the bolted door?

He saves by many or by few;
Leave Israel's battles to the Lord.
A pebble slung by David's hand
Is better than Goliath's sword.

The piece of silver from the sea,
The cruse of oil that wasted not,
May find their answering types to-day
In many a lowly Christian's lot.

God leads His children forth alike,
From wilderness or prison-cell;
And gives the desolate a home
Of light and joy unspeakable.

From closing walls of circumstance,
From gloomy Castle of Despair,
His arm will bring deliverance,
In answer to unceasing prayer.

Through narrow ways of toil and grief,
He brings us to "an open place";
Beyond the gate the city lies,
The goal of His all-guiding grace.

O blesséd parable to us,
To teach us how to trust our Lord!
For, last of all, Death's iron gate
Will open of its own accord.

"OPEN THOU MY LIPS."

O Lord, I pray Thee touch
My sinful, mute, earth-kissing lips with Thy pure hand,
And give me grace Thy will and ways to understand!
Lord, is this boon too much?

Yet, if Thou choose to seal
My lips in endless silence, I would gladly lay
Thy patient hand upon them evermore, and pray,
"Thyself in this reveal!"

I have not learned the speech
Of angels in the glorious new Jerusalem;
And yet I hope my lips have touched His garment's hem,
Who often deigns to reach

His hand of tenderness—
Ah, precious, piercèd hand which once for sinners bled!—
From heaven down to earth to lay it on my head,
In heavenly caress.

Lord, wouldst Thou have me be
Forever silent, when Thou hast my soul redeemed,

And now within Thine arms dost hold the lamb that seemed
So lost to heaven and Thee?

With a warm, living coal
From off Moriah's altar, where God's Isaac laid
His willing offering, and thus our ransom paid,
Revivify my soul!

Touch lips, and heart, and life,
That I may bear forever with me, till I die,
Immanuel's death, and still repeat His dying cry
Which ended all the strife.

Teach me, dear Lord, to speak
For Thee. So shall I never fear to speak amiss;
And when Thou'dst have me silent, seal with Thine own kiss
My dying accents weak.

May even Death's eclipse
Then throw a halo round some timid, tearful word,
In weakness sown for Christ—in power raised and heard
From silent, death-sealed lips.

"REX ERIS, SI RECTE FACIAS."

(*Roman school-boy's shout.*)—HORACE.

THE shadows fall, the sunshine flies,
It is the old, sad story;
And half of life in darkness lies
When gloom enfolds the glory.

Yet darkest night grows into morn,
And midnight brings the morrow;
So peace of patient trust is born,
And strength comes out of sorrow.

The life that is the blessedest
Is not alway the brightest;
And hearts that seek no present rest
Are evermore the lightest.

The soldier's warfare is not long,
However stern and friendless;
God's battle is not to the strong—
The victor's joy is endless.

Though Eden's innocence is past,
With happiness primeval,

Far higher is the might to cast
Away and crush the evil.

Each human heart from out the strong
May bring the hidden sweetness,
By trusting Him who wields the Wrong
To work the Right's completeness.

And he who walks with fearless tread
To do God's bidding willing,
Shall surely bruise the serpent's head,
God's word of old fulfilling.

Then bring the glory out of life,
By trust and brave endeavor;
Who comes a victor from this strife
Shall dwell a king forever.

"UNTIL THE DAY BREAK."

"*Until the day break, and the shadows flee away.*"—CANT. ii. 17.

OH, take me in Thine arms to rest,
Until the breaking of the morn!

"UNTIL THE DAY BREAK."

I am so weary, sad, forlorn,
So faithless at the best;

So "troubled about many things,"
I wait one moment at Thy feet,
But ere the promised peace so sweet
Folds its ethereal wings

Within my panting heart, I rise
Still cumbered with my little cares,
Forgetting Him who ever shares
Our pains, to sympathize.

Ah, wearily the race I run!
The burden, which to love is light,
Becomes too heavy for my might,
"Not to leave aught undone,"

The toiling spirit ceaseless cries.
Ah! Jesus knows "the flesh is weak!"
Poor heart! a spirit, loving, meek,
Thy Saviour more doth prize

Than all this struggling eagerness.
The Shepherd shows both staff and rod.
"Be still! and know that I am God!"
He says in tenderness.

"Remember, Isaac struggled not
When on Moriah's altar bound—
Hast thou such trials ever found
Appointed in thy lot?"

Here to the altar's horns with cords,
Lord, bind this lamb, although it be
A sacrifice unworthy Thee,
Yet, scoffer, 'tis the Lord's!

And for the One Great Offering's sake,
Oh, make me strong to bear Thy will;
Strong now to suffer and lie still
Until the morning break.

No works can ever so much please
Him whom afar we follow still,
As child-like yielding to His will,
Through life's stern agonies.

ONE WHOM THOU LOVEST, LORD.

Who waits with patience on the Lord,
And watcheth through the weary night
Beside his armor, in the fight
Bears Jesus' shield and sword.

So now I lay my cares to rest
Upon His heart who knows them all.
He will not let a sparrow fall
That flutters to His breast!

ONE WHOM THOU LOVEST, LORD!

One whom Thou lovest, Lord, is sick!
Oh, grant her strengthening rest,
And thoughts of peace when she awakes,
Howe'er by pain oppressed:
Sweet thoughts of Him who comes most near
Us when we are distressed.

We know, dear Lord, Thou lovest her;
Far better e'en than we!
Thy grace shall be sufficient grace,
In her extremity.

And the full blessedness of trust
  Shall be inwrought by Thee.

For He who suffered once for us,
  Still suffers with His own ;
The love that "sparèd not the Son,"
  Yet spares us many a moan,
And lifts the crushing burden, we
  Could never bear alone.

Lord Jesus, let the loving hearts
  Which compass her around,
Speak ever of that depth of love
  In which our griefs are drowned.
The love in which we safely rest
  Our hearts can never sound.

As one whose mother comforts him
  With sweet and close caress,
Thou comfortest Thy children now
  In every sore distress :
So comfort her, to-night, dear Lord,
  With Thine own tenderness !

GOOD-BYE!

We said "Good-bye"! It was a heartfelt prayer,
A homely household blessing, old and sweet,
Beseeching God's good guidance everywhere,
Whatever dangers our belovèd meet.

So God be with you! prayed I for my friend,
Not dreaming how, while different paths we trod,
Would come the answer, ere one short year's end,
When he went home to be for aye with God!

And yet what better portion could we crave
E'en for our dearest? Earth could not afford
A joy like his to-day; his early grave
Gave early access to his longed-for Lord!

THE BURNT PATH.

ISAIAH lxii. 16.

My path lay through the wilderness;
I only dared to pray
My Father for the promised strength,
For every lonely day.

THE BURNT PATH.

He set my feet in pleasant ways,
  He gave me love, to bless
The heart that had not dared to ask
  For human tenderness.

I lean from out my window height,
  This quiet summer eve ;
A terror has laid hold on me,—
  I fain would not receive

The parable my eyes have read,
  The meaning made so plain,
That, turn my eyes, and turn my thoughts,
  I see it yet again.

At dawn there was a meadow fair :
  Beyond, a field of wheat,
Daisies and buttercups looked up,
  'Mid clover blossoms sweet.

No path lay through the pleasant field,
  No footsteps sought to gain

THE BURNT PATH.

The hill beyond the meadow land,
  Beyond the nodding grain.

To-night! a hidden path lies bare,
  For grass and grain are low,
The flames that wasted them have shown
  The path I did not know.

Oh, have I read Thy meaning right?
  Is this Thy way for me?
The daisied grass, the nodding grain,
  The hill-top fair to see:

And then, the sudden, leaping flames,
  So ruthless in their haste
To sweep the pleasant fields, and show
  The path through blackened waste.

O God, Thou seest, knowest all,
  I pray Thee quiet me,
And make me brave, if need be so,
  To walk that way with Thee.

THANKFULNESS.

"I SHIVER, shiver, mother,
I can not go to sleep!
If you would stop your sewing,
And only let me creep
Close up beside you, mother,
If you would hold me tight,
I wouldn't mind the howling
Of the ugly wind all night.
It's crying to get in here,
Perhaps it's lost its way;
How many hours, mother,
Before it will be day?"

Through crevice and through casement
The wind swept drearily.
"Oh, God," she prayed, "have mercy
On all who 're out at sea!"
Then kneeling at the bedside,
In loving voice she said:
"My darling, you know mother
Must sew to earn our bread.

By 'nd by we'll have a blanket,
So soft, and thick, and warm:
Then Willie needn't shiver,
Nor mind the wind and storm.
By 'nd by, when father's ship comes—"
"Oh, mother, don't you cry!
'Twill be real jolly, mother,
But when *is* by and by?"

"God knows, God knows, my darling,"
She murmurs brokenly.
"Why, doesn't God love father
As much as you love me?
I *know* you said so, mother,
And I am just as sure
He's awful sorry for us now,
Because we're cold and poor."
The mother's face was lifted,
With happy trust aglow;
("*A little child shall lead them!*")
"Now, precious, I must go,
So I can finish sewing
Before the lamp burns low."

She held him close, and kissed him,
Then swiftly left the room ;
Moved by a sudden impulse,
She passed into the gloom,
With flickering light to guide her,
Unhinged the outer door,
And with it, back to Willie
She came, and on the floor
Knelt down again beside him,
And laughing, gaily said :
"See, here's a funny blanket,
A blanket for your bed.
I'll make a little house, dear,
A tent against the wall ! "
"Oh, mother dear, that's jolly,
I don't feel cold at all.
Good-night, my dear, good mother,
I think God must have sent
The very thought into your heart
About this little tent.
Please thank Him ; I'm *so* sleepy ;—
So sorry—sorry for "—

The words fell slowly—"little boys,
That have no cellar-door!"

OUR SAVIOUR'S LOVE.

DEAR Lord! Thou knowest oftentimes
I wonder if so faint a strife
Be strife at all. The inner life
Is lulled by far-off fairy chimes

So willingly. The rainbow gleam
Of by-gone happiness and tears,
The opening vista of the years,
The memory sad, the happy dream,

Throng the recesses of my heart.
They haunt with almost ghostly sway
The sunny hours of the day,
And just at eventide depart.

And yet, and yet, Thou still dost stand,
While one who bears Thy precious name
Thus puts Thee to an open shame,
Piercing the nail-prints in Thy hand.

Ah, patient Lord! I scarce can brook
  The thought of my ingratitude,
  When, after my denials rude,
Thou turnest with Thy melting look,

So full of untold tenderness,
  And yet of wondrous, wondering grief—
  As if it were beyond belief—
Thou turnest, ready still to bless

Thy sinful, wayward, worthless child.
  Thou knowest how my love grows cold!
  Close to Thy pitying heart, oh, hold
The heart so oft by earth beguiled!

Here! Lord, I pray Thee, enter in
  Thy temple gates, and with a scourge
  Drive out this earthly traffic, purge
Thy house of fellowship with sin.

Set Thine own angel with a sword
  To guard Thy house, "the house of prayer,"
  And seal each creature entering there
With "Holiness unto the Lord!"

THE BLOSSOM STORM.

Out from the happy sunshine,
Into the drenching rain ;
The sky is so black, I wonder
If the sun will shine again,

While down in my heart are ringing
The words that you uttered to-day :
" There's a storm that bringeth the blossoms,
As surely as cometh the May."

An hour ago the village
Was gay with the changing crowd ;
And up in the blue, blue heavens,
Was only a tiny cloud.

The trees stand firm in the shower,
The shower grows into a storm ;
And the dear little birdlings nestle
Safe under their covert warm.

While all through the dashing rain-drops,
A low, sweet song of content

Is breathed from woodland and meadow,
For the rain the Father hath sent.

And the tiny buds that the sunshine
Would wither, grow fast in the rain;
As lives, that in pleasure would perish,
Grow noble and fruitful in pain.

For the good Lord of the harvest
Is marking each bud and each shoot;
And sendeth the storm to strengthen
The blossom that grows into fruit.

As one that waits for the morning
Through the sad and lonely night,
I watch for the joy that cometh
Again with returning light.

. . . . . .

The rain is over at daybreak,
And the Sabbath sunshine warm
Floods the glad earth that is wearing
The beauty which grew in the storm.

THE BLOSSOM STORM.

I think of the vision on Tabor,
And the raiment so wondrously white
Of the glorious resurrection
After the sad, dark night—

Of the clouds that once were gathered,
Of the storms that once were poured
On the trees that stand forever
In the garden of the Lord.

Forever they grow in the sunshine,
While to us life's trouble and pain
Must be like the clouds of heaven,
Returning still after the rain.

But standing to-day in the sunshine,
God's sunshine, sweet and warm,
We pray—may each sorrow He sendeth
Be ever a Blossom Storm.

LIGHTS ASHORE.

THE ship was anchored in the bay—
Upon the shore, the town
Rose up and climbed among the palms
Just where the sun went down.

In gloom died out the sunset glow
Upon the leaden sea,
But still the city on the hill
Grew brighter silently.

More white and fair it gleamed afar,
As heavier fell the night;
But dull and dark the waters lay
Between us and the light.

Athwart the gloom, like sea-gull fair,
A boat shoots from the shore,
With fringe of phosphorescent light
On every flashing oar.

A living thing of light it seems—
Swift, welcome-bringing bark!

LIGHTS ASHORE.

A carrier-dove from home, sweet home,
To sad hearts in the dark.

Then sweet and clear across the waves
The vesper chimes are borne—
Glad joy-bells from the shining heights
To wanderers forlorn!

Oh, lights ashore! Oh, little boat,
And heavenly vesper-bell!
The thoughts that tremble in my heart,
I know not how to tell!

How deep and dark the leaden waves—
How fair the city's light—
How lonely lies our exiled ship
At anchor in the night!

How fairer still must heaven be!
Oh, could some white dove come
From yon far haven of our hearts,
To bring us news from Home!

Love, mightier than death itself!
  Thy dove of peace hath crossed
The floods, to nestle in the heart
  That once was tempest-tossed.

Dear Father's house, where Jesus waits,
  Thy glory brightens fast!
Oh, bells of heaven, ring for us
  Safe Home with Christ at last!

CHRIST AND MY HEART.

I'm weak—so weak, an infant's clasp
  Is mightier than mine to-night.
  I fear I ne'er have held aright
The Cross I vainly strive to grasp.

I'm like a reed swayed by the blast!
  Ah, sorrow's angel, sad and stern,
  Must school the heart so slow to learn!
How long, Lord, must the battle last?

And yet I shrink, with sudden chill,
From threatened discipline of loss—
My nerveless hands unclasp this cross.
Hopeless, I suffer and lie still.

Until a touch of angel wings,
Or dearer still, my mother's kiss,
Brings near a sense of Heaven's bliss,
With longings deep for holy things.

Dear, patient, interceding Lord,
My Saviour loving after death,
Thy heart of pleading pity saith
Through every opening wound outpoured:

"Oh, child, so ready to mistrust
The love that knows no end or bound,
Must thou into mine every wound
Thy hand so unbelieving thrust?

"What need hast thou of doubt and fear?
Those weapons are my foe's, not mine.
Glad hope and blessèd trust be thine,
And not the mocking soldier's spear.

"Poor trembling child! I know how weak
Is mortal flesh; for every stroke
That smites thee, on thy Saviour broke,
Before it touched *thy* shrinking cheek.

"And yet so fearful still thou art,
When to unlock thy earthward grasp
I touch, with piercèd hand to clasp
Thee only nearer to my heart!"

O soul, so slow to hear, so dumb,
Unanswering to each tender word!
At last thy deepest heart is stirred—
"Dear Saviour, as a child I come!

"No longer with a hireling's dread,
I run to rest within Thine arms.
Life's fiercest storms can never harm
My safely, sweetly sheltered head.

"Thy love, not mine, Thy hold so strong,
And not my wavering clasp, make sure
My safety. I can stand secure,
Although the strife be hard and long."

FLOWERS FOR THE BABY'S FEET.

Oh, dimpled baby feet that never, never more
Shall make their happy music, pattering on the floor;
Oh, blessèd little feet that shall not go astray,
Nor ever learn to falter on this earthly way;
The Saviour is more precious, heaven more real and sweet,
Since through the gates of death have passed those baby feet.

Dear, dainty waxen house, where for a little while
The baby dwelt, and blessed us with her sunny smile!
Close to our hearts in life we held her safe and warm,
How can we leave her now, to winter winds and storm?
Ah, friends! be not afraid, He'll guard this treasure too,
Safe is the keeping of the Lord who died for you.

Oh, empty arms and heart! poor heart that still must ache,
The sweet incentive missing—"for the baby's sake."
God bade your darling teach you lessons sweet to learn,—
Himself is teacher now, when chastening seems stern.
To His own heart He'll hold your eyes with weeping dim,
Until you learn 'tis sweeter far to live for Him.

Lone mother-love that hovers o'er this empty nest,
Look up! your Saviour's arms have clasped her to His breast.
He'll give her back to you, in fairer beauty bright;
When dawns the glad new day that never has a night!
In sure and certain hope, we lay earth's flowers sweet,
Until the resurrection, at your baby's feet.

"THE LORD OUR HELPER."

"*Without me ye can do nothing.*"—JOHN XV. 5.

NOTHING without Thee, blessèd Lord,
But with Thine arm of might
Clasped close around me, shield and sword,
I put my foes to flight.

It is not pride that makes its boast
In Thine almightiness;
For when I own Thy power most,
My weakness I confess.

Nor is it that there is for me
The faintest right to seek

"POST TENEBRAS LUX."

The strength of Him who loves to be
A Helper of the weak;

But only for His mercy's sake,
And with my earnest plea,
"I am oppressed, oh, undertake
And plead my cause for me!"

For He is strong to save and hold,
And with each daily test
The arm which makes me glad and bold
Still gives me sweetest rest.

"POST TENEBRAS LUX!"

"*God is the Lord, which hath shewed us light.*"—Ps. cxviii. 27.

It is His way, and so it must be right;
Although at every step some foot that bleeds
Leaves print of anguish, still our Father leads
Through darkness unto light.
So dark it seems! We long for break of day;
We know not Jesus on the midnight flood.
Ah! once He trod the path of woe and blood,
His solitary way!

"POST TENEBRAS LUX."

And yet that path of deepest gloom and woe
Led up to glory, greater for the Cross,
To which He bowed in lifelong want and loss,
With "Father, even so!"
For midnight darkness often bears within
Its baffling blackness germs of Heaven's light;
God's holiness is not one ray less bright
For all this dark world's sin.

He holds us in the hollow of His hand,
And gives us light as we can bear it now;
His glory's shadow upon Moses' brow
Was brightness far too grand
For sinful Israel's eyes to look upon;
Yet those whose patient hearts seek daily strength,
Shall surely have the eagle's wings at length,
To mount toward the Sun.

And eagle's vision, clear and bright and strong,
E'en here is given those whose hearts are pure,
They, seeing Him invisible, endure,
Although the way be long.

"POST TENEBRAS LUX."

To them a light ariseth, and the day,
Hid from Egyptian eyes by dark eclipse,
Shines bright as noon, and on their trustful lips
Wakes praises while they pray.

And so we need no longer vainly grope,
Moaning the poet's death-cry, "Light, more light!"
We need not earth's dark-lanterns, for the night
Is brilliant with the hope
Of fairer day-dawn than e'er blessed the Hills
Of God around Jerusalem of old.
Ay! while we watch the East, a flush of gold
The glad horizon fills.

For God is Light itself, in Him we know
There is no darkness, and when we at last
Dwell in Him truly, darkness shall be past,
And life be all aglow.
Oh, Christian! as the bird that sings at night,
Or as the bird that God has taught to wait
Until the day-break—sing at Heaven's Gate,
"For after Darkness, Light!"

"SURELY I COME QUICKLY."

REV. xxii. 30.

"*At even, or at midnight, or at the cock-crowing, or in the morning.*"
—ST. MARK xiii. 35.

O SOLDIERS of the Lord of hosts!
How can we fight so feebly, when
We hear the glad exulting shout,
"He comes unto His own again!"

He cometh! Whether just at eve,
When purple glory crowns the west,
Or in the midnight's deepest gloom,
We know His time is always best.

Though in the flush of early dawn
He calls, and from our aching eyes
Our best belovèd pass away
Into the light of Paradise—

Ah! well it is for them, for us,
So but the Master's work be done—
For us, still panting in the heat
Of life's long battle sorely won;

And well, most surely well, for those
  Young soldiers, who with fearless eye
Waited their unseen Captain's word,
  Ready alike to do or die.

Well! though the bugle blast of Fame
  Shall never speak their grand renown;
Well! though the slumbering world knows not
  Their early victory and crown.

For eastern light and sunset glow
  Are but His heralds on the hills
Around this valley-life of ours,
  With all its deathly damps and chills.

Up! for the Lord of glory comes
  Down from the city's golden street;
And on the shining hills afar
  How beautiful appear His feet!

Ay, once again your sacred heights,
  O hills of God! His feet shall press;
And He shall set the ransomed free
  From every weight and weariness.

Oh, quickly come, our Lord and Love!
Weary we are, and yet at rest;
For in Thy answer, "Lo, I come!"
Our longing, trusting hearts are blest.

"DISCOURAGED BECAUSE OF THE WAY."

NUMBERS xxi. 4.

Poor, weary, murmuring soul
Longing in secret for the Lord's release,
Impatient for thy pilgrimage to cease,
While yet far from the goal,

This strengthening word of cheer—
A sunbeam gladdening earth's desert-waste,
"*He that believes on me shall not make haste*"—
Falls on thy listening ear.

Earth's laborers may repine
When tardy nightfall lengthens out the day;
Their weary eyes may chide the long delay,
But, oh, my soul! not thine.

"DISCOURAGED BECAUSE OF THE WAY."

They may despond, but thou,
The servant, nay, the *child* of God, the heir
Of glory everlasting, shouldst thou wear
Such gloom upon thy brow?

Thy wistful glances trace
The nearer path to Heaven which some have trod—
The path baptizèd by their tears and blood,
Who ran the martyr's race.

And couldst thou fearless drink
That cup of mortal agony and woe;
'Neath the dread terror of the sev'ring blow
Would flesh nor spirit shrink?

Presumptuous, sinful thought!
E'en now thou faintest, when thine eager lips
Find sorrow in joy's cup. One hour's eclipse
Of light to thee is fraught

With sorrow and dismay;
And couldst thou walk serene through Death's dark vale,
Would not thy footsteps falter, spirit fail,
Without one cheering ray?

Nay! Leave to God, all-wise,
The ordering of thy path. Be thine alone
The earnest care to walk as He hath shown,
With heaven-directed eyes!

Firm to the end, endure!
Seest not the glorious crown hung at the goal?
Fear not! In patient strength possess thy soul;
God's promise standeth sure!

UP TO THE HILLS.

Up to the hills I lift my longing eyes—
Unto the hills aglow with sunset light.
There purpling amethyst and ruby dyes
Half veil the golden glory on the height.
It is a pictured gleam of Paradise,
Where saints might walk in robes of dazzling white.

Down in the valley, where the vapors cling,
Full redly shines the sun through lurid mist—
A Samson, shrinking evermore to fling
The soft Delilah who his brows had kissed,

And with her flower-scented breath of spring
Had shorn him of his strength before he wist.

Deep-rifted rocks are there, and denser shades,
Where scarlet cardinals uprear their cloven bells;
And aromatic fragrance 'mid the glades,
Deep-strewn with last year's leaves, forever dwells.
There violets live and die—the wind-flower fades,
Soft-tinted with the flush of sea-shore shells.

Too cool, too dense, with sweet decay too rife—
Too full of memories, of fond regret.
They who toil upward toward the goal of life
Each lower, lesser purpose must forget:
He who would be a victor in the strife
Must early brush the tears from eyelids wet.

Oh, far-off hill-top, in the crimson west,
Encrownéd by the sunset's diadem!
The clouds that hover o'er thy swelling crest
Might be the fringes on the curtain's hem;
Beyond which doth the true Shekinah rest,
In the New Temple at Jerusalem.

And thus I turn my longing eyes to thee,
Thou fair Evangel! in whose glowing light—
Faint image of the glory yet to be—
I trace the promise every eve more bright:
One day I shall the greater glory see,
And walk with Jesus clad in spotless white.

MY MITHER.

I'VE wearied for ye, oh sae sair, my mither, mither dear,
An' in this simmer gloaming, I've been dreamin' ye were here.
Aince mair I felt your tender han' laid lichtly on my cheek,
An' a'maist choked a sob o' joy to wait gin ye wad speak.

But never, never, never mair, shall ye touch cheek o' mine,
Oh mither, mither ta'en awa frae us yon sad Lang Syne.
It gars my heart beat like to break to min' me o' the blow
That crushèd sairly mony hearts when ye were lain sae low.

An' yet He lo'ed us tho' He smote, an' after-whiles I ken
The tender mercy o' the Han' that took ye frae us then.

He did it—aye our mither's God, His will maun be the best ;
To us He gave the lanely road, to her He gave the rest.

Nae langer cries my rebel heart that ye went Hame too sune,
Frae kirk-yard graves I lift my head unto the stars abune ;
E'en tho' your winsome Robin's head rests not beside you here,
He's wi' ye evermair in Heaven, oh mither, mither dear !

The bonny Hame we luvèd weel, is Hame to us nae mair,
But a' its memories are oors, sae tender sweet tho' sair.
Her footfa's wander saft an' licht, as shadows on the floor,
An' still I dream she stan's o' nicht beside the nursery door ;

Aince mair she gies the Gude-nicht kiss ! Oh Dreamer, ye maun waken.
Lang years maun pruve His better luve, Wha dearest anes has taken.
Sin' up to Heaven rins ilka road, unthocht o' an' unkenn'd,
Whaur gae her bairns wi' Him alane Wha kens baith path an' end.

Oh mither gane to God sae sune ! Wha's faith gar'd michty claim
On His gude promise for her bairns thro' Christ the Savior's name ;

When to His fauld the Shepherd brings His flock at fa' o' nicht,
Will she na ken her ain again, in yon fair fields o' licht?

MY GUEST.

"*If any man hear my voice, and open the door, I will come in to him, and will sup with him, and he with me.*"—REV. iii. 20.

I HAVE a wondrous guest,
Who speeds my feet, who moves my hands,
Who strengthens, comforts, guides, commands,
Whose presence gives me rest.

He dwells within my soul;
He swept away the filth and gloom,
He garnished fair the empty room,
And occupies the whole.

For aye by day and night,
He keeps the portal, suffers naught

Defile the temple He has bought,
And filled with joy and light.

Regenerate by His grace,
Still 'tis a meager inn at best,
For heaven's King to make His rest,
And show His glorious face.

Yet, Saviour, ne'er depart
From this poor earthly cottage home,
Until the Father bid me come,
Whisp'ring within my heart:

"I shake these cottage walls;
Fear not: at my command they bow;
My heavenly mansions open now,
As this poor dwelling falls."

Then my dear wondrous guest
Shall bear me in His own right hand
Unto that far-off Promised Land,
Where I in Him shall rest.

THE PATIENCE OF THE LORD.

"*Account that the long-suffering of our Lord is salvation.*"

Ye will not, will not come! Oh, slow of heart and blind,
No more you heed His message than the whistling of the wind.
Ah, know you there is nothing between you and the sword
Of justice trembling o'er you, save the patience of the Lord?

For you there is no beauty in the face the soldiers marred,
You can see no crown of glory on the brow the thorns have scarred;
But the hour will surely come when the day of grace must end,
And the sinner stand in judgment, before his patient friend.

My brothers and my sisters, how long will you refuse
Eternal life through Jesus, while the death of deaths you choose?
Why trample on His warnings and put His love to scorn
Who has been so patient with you since the day when you were born?

THE PATIENCE OF THE LORD.

You have left your Father's house because you would not hold
In your hearts the thought of Him, while you wasted life and gold.
If God had so forgotten you but for a moment's space,
Long since you would have drifted beyond this word of grace.

Ah! they smile on in their sleep, till our hearts are like to break!
Oh, free Almighty Spirit, wilt Thou bid their souls awake,
Whether by silent touch, or by an earthquake shock
That shall rend the hearts of pride like the rending of a rock.

Open wide their darkened souls that the truth may enter in,
And give to them a hatred of the work and ways of sin;
And touch their blinded eyes, that they by faith may see
ONE hanging for their sins upon the cursèd tree.

Long, long our Lord has waited, for this blessèd word is true.
"His long-suffering is salvation." Oh, let it be for you—
And for every one that heareth; ah, what remorse and pain
Must be yours if you are willing that His grace should be in vain.

No power but His Spirit can change a heart of stone,
But I can not hold my peace, for my need was like your own ;
And no prodigal that cometh shall e'er be turned away,
Though by night he comes to Jesus while others come by day.

Oh, hearts once warm and tender that now are hard and cold,
Hearts that have grown a-weary in wandering from the fold,
Here's shelter from the whirlwind. Run to it and abide,
For He calls you now to enter, while the door is open wide.

The Lord who died for sinners, aye saves them through and through ;
In the Holiest of Holies He is pleading now for you,
And the piercèd Hand that hinders the falling of the sword,
Gives us safety everlasting through the patience of the Lord !

BABY ANNIE.

"*My beloved is gone down into His garden . . . . to gather lilies.*"

Oh, baby, in thy dreamless rest,
So like a fair day-lily lying,
With valley-lilies on thy breast,
Thou art beyond the sound of crying !—

And yet we walk in softness, lest
We break God's hush by earthly sighing.

Her little life was like a gleam
Of sunlight from its glad beginning,
And pain was but a passing dream,
As shadowy to her, as sinning:
And lovingness in her did seem
The way she had to be so winning.

Dear Saviour, ever 'tis of such
Thou dost into Thy Kingdom gather;
Thou welcomest their fearless touch,
Than homage of the rulers rather.
We loved her, Lord—say not, too much.
We sob, "Thy will be done, our Father!"

We love Thee, Lord of Paradise,
We go to Thee for peace and pardon;—
And yet we mark, with sad surprise,
Thee when Thou walkest in Thy garden,
Breaking our lily 'neath our eyes!
Oh, suffer not our hearts to harden!

Poor mother-heart, too faint and sore
To rise like David from such sorrow!
Yet open wide your darkened door
And comfort from God's sunlight borrow.
Christ died, and lives forevermore,
Trust Him for strength for each to-morrow!

God knows! He gave His only One,
From heart of love far deeper, vaster.
And tears less bitterly will run,—
Although sometimes they flow the faster,—
When in the *Father's yielded Son*
We see our bleeding, loving Master.

He knows the heart will ache and bleed
With sense of want and loss still deeper;
A baby's memory must need
Transform a singer to a weeper.
"Who weeping sows the precious seed,
Shall come again a joyful reaper."

Oh, take the hope God gives in this!
Grief meekly borne must yield you sweetness.

The baby-lips you can not kiss
  Wait for you still in Heaven's completeness;
And He who takes your present bliss,
  But works for both a fuller meetness.

MISSING.

In the little, low, vine-covered porch, half dreaming, sits
  Mabel, the maiden,
And sings to her heart the old music—his farewell (oh,
  where is he now?):
"Blue eyes true and tender, brown curls glinted gold by
  love's halo they played in,
Be true to your colors! Belovèd, chase shadow from heart
  and from brow."

Oh, blithe, trusting heart, recking naught of the future, but
  resting so wholly
In memory sad of the parting, in hope of the meeting so
  sweet!

"No shadow!" she singeth; yet ever the Shadow creeps
surely and slowly;
Ah! near and yet nearer; now flinging its gloom o'er the
sunny old street.

"The postman—a letter! a letter!" "No, lady, but news
of a battle—
Sad news for my poor wife—our boy! His name's in the
list of the killed.
Our brave fellows fell where they fought, gained nothing,
were slaughtered like cattle."
"God help you!" she prayed, as she stood in the Shadow,
bewildered and chilled.

"Full list of the wounded and dead." Ah! see how her
white fingers falter
In eagerness, dread, and suspense. Poor heart, throbbing
wildly with fear;
Blue eyes that grow dim as they glance at the name of some
other one's Walter,
With a full-hearted sigh and a sob, "Thank God that his
name is not here!"

Ay, bless God for that, in the hush of deep sympathy, tender and solemn,
For those whose poor hearts had been broken o'er words which she hastily read;
Then, fearlessly turning the paper, she 'sees in the very next column
"The missing, supposed to be left on the field, badly wounded or dead."

Great God! are such shuddering heart-cries the price of a warrior's glory?
"Oh, Walter! my Walter! none other's, my only one, tender and brave!"
The battle-field flashes before her. Dark Night, hide the vision so gory!
She sees him alone in his anguish—she far away, helpless to save.

"It is bitter, too bitter: O Father! have pity; I still am Thy creature,
Yet cannot look onward or upward. Is heart-breaking agony wrong?"

Dear Saviour, who knowest our griefs, in Thine infinite tenderness reach her
Gethsemane's might and its meekness, to suffer, be still, and be strong!

Young Life, with thy diadem royal, the crown of a love true and tender,
The joy of thy day-dawn has perished, the glory of sunset has passed;
Love's banner is trailing in ashes; like a mirage has vanished its splendor;
For "missing" is everywhere written. The Shadow has fallen at last.

Some murmur, "He was but a private!" Ah! well, to the Master up yonder,
The soul of a private is precious as that of commander-in-chief;
And the mightiest monarch on earth never knew a love truer and fonder
Than that of the woman who wrestles all night with the angel of grief.

"He died for his country," friends whisper; "and sweet are his slumbers, unbroken
By footfall of friend or of foe, or the dash and the moan of the waves.
Heart-violets spring from his ashes, and tenderest words ever spoken
Are breathed o'er the hero hearts resting afar from their ancestors' graves."

Ah! yes; but the heart smitten sorest is mute amid noisier sorrow,
Unheeding the wail of the nation beside every patriot's tomb.
Oh! leave her, I pray you in pity, alone with her dead till to-morrow,
To bury with him the sweet flowers that never more here are to bloom.

Heaven send her its comfort! The angel whose light touch so swiftly doth alter
The full-chorded music of life to a monody thrillingly sad,

Yet holds the mute heart-strings unbroken. Faith looks
up and whispers, "Oh, Walter,
You will not be missing forever! For that I bless God and
am glad."

MY HEART'S AE DEARIE.

I MAUNNA, daurna guess his name,—
I dinna even ken his hame,
Or if he's thro' the wide warld roaming;
Yet aft, upo' the whisp'rin' wind,
I hear his voice, sae blithe an' kind,
As he comes singin' thro' the gloaming.

Oh, dinna think I'll gar him wait,
Wi' doubtfu' han' upo' the gate,
While speirin', is he Jock? or Johnnie?
Na, na! My heart will surely ken
Him 'maingst a thousan' ither men,
Howe'er ye ca' them braw an' bonny.

I'll ken him,—as ye wad a king;—
Oh, not by croun, or robe, or ring,
But maistly by his royal bearing;

I'll ken him by his soul sae gran',
An' by his leal an' gen'rous han',
An' by his heart for ithers caring.

I'll ken him by his blessèd e'en,
The brawest that were ever seen,
As on me shine they aye sae clearly;
I'll ken him by his brow that's fu'
O' thocht, an' by his winsome mou',—
I'll ken him, for I'll lo'e him dearly.

I'll ken his coming, by the beat
O' heart an' pulse, when thro' the street
I hear his whistlin' or his singing;
Thro' tramping hosts I'd hear ae word,
An' mair by it wad I be stirred
Than tho' the warld's big bells were ringing.

His gude richt arm will be my shield
An' in his heart I'll mak' my bield,
Doun, doun sae deep, nae fr'en' nor brither
The gowden treasure-house may see,

Whilk God has keepit safe for me,
For me alane,—not for anither!

God keep him! for I'll lo'e him weel,
This lad o' mine,—to Heaven leal,
An' tender to the puir an' lanely,
Sae brave o' heart to richt the wrang,—
Ah, will he ever ken the sang
I'm singin' noo, aboot him ainly!

SEA SPRAY.

At sunset of October day—
The royal Autumn's crown—
In happy dreaminess I lay,
Unheeding whether golden gray
Were gray or gloaming brown;
For, through the darkened hall, a gleam
Shot from the western sky,
And bore upon its rosy beam
Unto my heart the mem'ried dream
Of summer days gone by.

Soft inland murmurs, tender, sweet,
  Lulling like household words,
My half-unconscious senses greet,
  The song of many birds,—
The silvery cadence of the fall,
  The brooklet's low-voic'd singing,
The hush and silence over all,
  As tho', through all the gentle strife,—
  The clash and harmony of life,—
The Sabbath-bells were ringing.

A cooler breath—a dash of spray—
  Sweeps inland memories away.
Afar I hear the sounding sea,
  Where wave to wave replying
Wakes ceaseless anthems in the soul,
And surges o'er earth's words of dole,
Writing anew a grander scroll
  In ocean-curves undying.

Sweet mystery of memory's might!
  Once more on Indian Rock

Empurpled in the sunset light,
I lie and watch with hushed delight
The charging columns, shock.
Again—again—they charge—they break,
With crashing, thund'rous boom,
Dashing a battle wreath of spray,
O'er Foam Rock, rising granite-gray,
Immovable as doom.

A glorying wonder, wild, intense,
Holds all the soul in thrall,
Driving the less emotions thence,—
The lambs and doves of earthly sense—
While wave to wave doth call,
"We are His foot-prints on the sea:
The Lord of might and majesty,
The Lord is over all!"

With breathless, reverential awe,
The soul drifts out to sea,
Borne on the all-resistless flood
Of His infinity.
Mute, helpless, yet with praying hands

Of anchorage bereft,
Until His mercy draws it, safe
Within The Rock's deep cleft.
Then, tho' the thundering billows sweep
Away each earthly rest,
We know He rules the raging deep,
We trust Him, and are blest.

The gloom and grandeur o'er us roll,
And then such rapture steals,
In angel footsteps o'er the soul,
That every spirit kneels.
Hidden, like Moses, by God's hand,
We rest with reverent face.
Half-veil'd before His majesty,
Unveil'd before His grace.

OVER THE BORDER.

My birdie, liltin' i' your cage
Your blithesome hurdy-gurdy,

OVER THE BORDER.

Yestreen I luved your bonnie sang,
For Jamie, wi' me, heard ye.

But noo, oh, sing ye sad an' low,
For I am lanely-hearted,
Syne frae our hame, an' frae the lan',
The licht has a' departed.

I dinna care to gang the noo,
Whaur aince I gaed fu' fainly,
For Jamie's o'er the border gane,
How suld I na be lanely!

Auld fr'en's maun na be lichtly luved,
An' tho' I had twa hunder'd,
I could na better thole, for lang
Frae Jamie to be sundered.

My heart an' ye are fain to fly;—
Nae mair I'll be your warder;
Gang, birdie mine, an' wi' ye gaes
My heart across the border.

"MASSACHUSETTS."—1862.

THE golden sunshine gleams o'er hill and glade and wave,
The blue sky every eve is studded thick with stars.
Ah, sunshine falls so brightly on a new-made grave!
And God's blue banner ne'er is furlèd for our wars.

The summer came and went among the Berkshire hills,
Where weary watches kept true hearts, as brave as those
Whose throbs were hero-marches, till the deathly chills
Hushed heart and lip and eye into a long repose.

But Charlie still was safe—thank God!—through many a fight,
At last he wrote (Ah, me, such strange and feeble strokes!),
"Don't fear for me—I'm wounded, but 'twill all come right;
Our boys have had tough work at terrible Fair Oaks.

"Perhaps when golden autumn sets the woods aflame
I may get home to show the tattered flag I bore.
You'll have your soldier back—a trifle thin and lame—
But looks won't trouble me when I get home once more!"

Poor fellow, brave and hopeful, how he stood the pain,
The torture all those weeks! They brought him North at last,

Wild fever laid her crazing hand on heart and brain,
  Yet still in pity bore him to the happy Past.

His moan, thro' heated days and thro' the moonlit nights,
  Was "Massachusetts! Massachusetts! Take me *there!*"
Sometimes he rushed in memory into deadly fights,
  But always ended with that pleading, home-sick prayer.

Strange nurses, doctors chilled by death to seeming cold,
  Whose faces bent unmoved o'er many a soldier's bed,
By Charlie Howard's cot were men of gentle mould,
  And tender as their mothers', were the words they said.

Yet still that cry, "My home! the hills! the scarlet trees!
  Oh, only take me there, before it is too late!...
Now bring a little honey from my father's bees,
  A little home-made bread upon a fair white plate!"

No name except the Saviour's made him still and calm;
  But when we spoke of Jesus, how his dark eyes filled,
As tho', above the battle, rose a fireside psalm,
  And in the holy peace each thought of strife were stilled.

"Oh, Jesus! Know Him? Yes! He is my Only Friend,
He's here beside me *always.*" Then his eyes grew dim
With unshed tears. "He says He loved unto the end.
I couldn't stand the waiting, if 'twasn't now for Him!"

"He won't forsake you, Charlie!" How his face grew bright!
"He says so, and I'm *sure.*" "If even death should come?'
"No matter! 'Tis the ending of the long, long fight!
So take me home!" The wildness came again with "home."

Poor shattered harp, whose every string was out of tune
Except the one that answered to the deathless Love!
The earthly craving passed when Heaven's higher boon
Brought him in gladness to the Hills and Home above.

THE PATHWAY O' THE SEA.

Our een, aft whiles, are howden, Lord,
Tho' near we are to Thee,
But maist o' a', we ken Thee not
By pathway o' the sea.

Oh, weep for them that gang awa',
An' let your grief be sair ;
For twice yon sea has ta'en frae me,
An' gies them back nae mair.

Aince mair to see my darling's face,
His sweet young lips to kiss !
But a' the years I hae to live
Will never gie me this !

Sae young he was, dear Lord, to gae
Yon stormy way alane.
Alane ? O thou o' little faith,
The Lord was wi' His ain !

In mercy Thou hast hid frae us
The knowledge o' the dree,
Those fearfu' hours facing death
Upo' the wintry sea.

Sae mony souls went up to God
Yon awfu' Sabbath Day,
The stormy sea a'maist might be
The angel's shining way.

Yet after whiles my heart cries out,
Abune my better creed,
"Lord Jesus, if Thou *hadst* been there,
My brother had na d'eed!"

Oh, mind ye, faithless, aching heart,
How, aince in raging storm,
Upo' the waves o' Galilee
He walked in human form;

An' in His han' o' luving strength
Held Peter safe frae death;
Lang years, I ken, hae wrought nae change
In Christ o' Nazareth.

His voice, yon stormy Sabbath morn,
Wrought peace frae deepest strife,
An' He it was who gi'ed our bairn
A grander gift than life.

For in His han' are life an' death;
He kens whilk gift is best.
The luve that "luved unto the end"
Is surety for the rest.

Tho' what He does, like Peter, aft
At first we maunna ken,
Yet sune the sweet hereafter comes,
An' we shall know it then!

For aye, ae wondrous word o' Thine
Rings out abune our dree,
The promise that in yonder Land
There shall be nae mair sea.

A WOMAN'S WORDS.

Oh, true and steadfast, tender, brave,
Must be the heart that rules my own!
A sceptred sovereign on Love's throne—
Neither a tyrant, nor a slave.

Though willful words may linger still
On woman's lips unto the end,
A woman's heart must choose to bend
Before a stronger, loving will.

Yet men do say, "'Tis very hard
Their free and faithful love to win.
Our hearts are open. Enter in!
We leave our castle all unbarred!"

An empty house doth need, I grant,
But slight protection. Good, my lords:
Hang o'er the entrance-way your swords;
Turn loose the dogs! This all you want.

But we are cowards, dreading thieves:
Our hidden pearls you count as naught:
And women never can be taught
To wear their hearts upon their sleeves.

God made us weak, while you are strong;
We hide the hearts that pulse and throb,
And learn to smother many a sob
Beneath the cadence of a song.

You call my words unjust and cold?
"Were mothers always tender, true—
Were sisters pure and gentle too,
We men would not be stern and bold."

I know it! Oh! if Childhood's faith
  Could pass unchallenged o'er Life's field,
  It might bring home upon its shield
Our brothers safe from deadly scath.

And yet it is a nobler part
  To guard with jealous love the trust
  Your comrades trample in the dust,
And wear it bravely on your heart.

Oh, Brothers! judge us not amiss!
  One Father loves us. Let His clasp
  Make holy every human grasp,
And sacred every lover's kiss.

First win, then wear. But if the prize
  Be deemed unworthy toil and time,
  Press upward unto goals sublime,
With Heaven's own brightness in your eyes.

God needs you. Oh, be noble, true!
  We'll help your battle with our prayers,
  Contented, though no woman shares
The crown and palm awaiting you.

MELISENDRA.

(FROM THE SPANISH.)

LISTEN, listen, Don Gaiferos!
Bitter truth is hard to tell,
And a friend's unselfish warning
Surely should be heeded well.

Leave awhile the jousts, Gaiferos,
Lest my counsel be in vain;
For my words concern your honor
As a noble knight of Spain.

You are here at ease in Paris;
First at tournament and ball;
Melisendra, far off, captive,
Is a woman after all.

Have I said enough, Gaiferos?
Do not try her faith too long.
Bluest blood in all the kingdom
Does not make a woman strong.

You rely upon her honor,
As the daughter of a King?
"This year's birds may sing," Gaiferos,
"Sweeter than the birds last spring!"

Her nobility as Princess,
Mark you, though my words seem strange,
Is of later growth, and weaker,
Than her woman's love of change.

Surely if her heart once wavers
From its plighted faith to you,
All her lofty pride will perish;—
For, unless the heart be true,

Royal birth might well be basest,
Spanish Princess though she be:
Dearer may prove Moslem bondage
Than her Christian liberty.

Since the Moors, though Moors, are gallant,
She may find a happy cure
For the light love of the Christian
In the long love of the Moor.

Kings and courts may fashion statutes,
But there is no law of Spain
That can bind a heart's allegiance
To its early faith again.

Like a mirror, smooth and shining,
Is a woman's fickle heart.
On its surface—see your image!
But, my friend, when you depart,

Quite as surely the next comer
Wins as much by passing look.
Her uncertain, changeful spirit
No abiding force will brook.

She is like a crafty lawyer
Who will for each client draw
Still a new and different meaning
From the same unaltered law.

And her memory is ever
Like the blue sea's changing face;

Gayest bark that sails upon it
Leaves behind no path nor trace.

. . . . . .

No more words have I, Gaiferos.
Take my counsel, or too late
Bitterly you may remember
How I warned you by my fate!

A VOICE FROM BELLE ISLE—1863.

"SICK, AND IN PRISON."

Poor Tom's just gone! I closed his eyes.
He died in muttering low the text
That says, "They never hunger more."
I lie and wonder who'll go next.
So many waiting at Death's door—
To some it opens Paradise.

Oh, help! oh, help! We'll all go mad!
The dreadful, gnawing hunger-pain
Comes back, and with a giant's grasp
Holds life and reason in its clasp:

It works like hell-fire in the brain ;
If Death would come we could be glad.

Once we had friends and country too,
Did all die starving? tell me, Jack!
Where's mother? where's the dear old flag?
Hurrah! I'll fight while there's a rag.
Off, boys! why do you keep me back?
Stand by the old Red, White, and Blue!

Ah, is it death? I can not see!
I had a dream. Oh, help! Be quick!
Come, mother, Ruth! (Don't say I died
With Tom, poor Tom! dead by my side.)
Who says, "*I was in prison sick,*
And yet ye came not unto me?"

"*I was athirst, and hungered too.*"
Ah, then He knows our agony!
Read, Jack, how cunning Satan tried
To tempt Him! I'd be satisfied
To die ten deaths, Jack, just to see
Our army marching here for you!

How many, Jack, are on the floor?
Poor fellows! There is little Jim!
How can they starve a child to death?
Cry, Jack, out *loud!* My dying breath
Must bring our boys to rescue him
And all the thirteen thousand more.

Why don't they come? How could we see
Them starving, prisoned here? I'd choke
At food until I'd raised a band
Who'd vow with steadfast heart and hand
To dare and die until we'd broke
Their prison-doors and set them free.

But, Jack, no matter! We won't flinch
From *death* by *starving*, if the Lord
Do suffer this. But this I know:
I'd slay my country's deadly foe
In honest battle with my sword,
But *not in prison, inch by inch.*

Oh, Jack, come close! I'm going fast!
If you get home tell mother this:

"I died for Love of Right and Truth.
God bless her and my little Ruth!
Dear Jack, give mother my last kiss.
Good-bye! Our boys will come at last!"

All's over with that faint "Good-bye":
Oh, brothers, comrades, is that all?
His mute lips still cry out of wrong—
The martyr's wail, "How long, how long?"
And thrill us with the trumpet-call,
"Help, help! before the thousands die!"

IN A DREAM.

A WANDERER in a wood once bent him o'er a pool;
Up looked a shadowy face, his own, yet dark and strange:
Shuddering, he saw revealed, in depths serene and cool,
The unguessed possibilities of sin and change.

. . . . . .

You know I love you, love you! Since the sweet June day
When first you told me, Ernest, how you cared for me,
My happy heart has ever been too glad to stray,
Too satisfied for shadow of disloyalty.

Then why should come this dream of change and wandering?
I tremble when I try to tell it now to you;
"A dream!" you say, and smile at fears that make me cling
The closer, praying God they never may come true.

Yet listen, Ernest! Towards the grand old chestnut wood
That crowns the hill-top—(where, a little while ago,
We walked in fair midsummer, and with clasp'd hands stood,
Watching the sunset with its fiery after-glow)—

It seemed to me I walked beneath a winter sky,
The cold air smote my cheek, and through my tingling veins
Rushed sense of boundless being, and of thoughts so high,
As should forever scorn the low world's loss and gains.

Wrapt in the blessèd surety of your love and trust,
I thought that earth could hold no other life so sweet;
That sooner granite rocks should crumble into dust,
Than my own heart, with less of loyal love, should beat!

Then suddenly it seemed I stood in some far land,
And all was changed, for human love and life looked mean.
The might of beauty gave me empire fair and grand,
And on my forehead lay the circlet of a queen.

IN A DREAM.

No more the frosty, bracing breezes tossed my hair,
But soft winds ever blowing from enchanted isles ;
My listless hands grew heavy with their selfish care—
I slew the hearts that loved me, with my sunny smiles.

No mem'ries grieved nor gladdened me—I did not care !
A strong enchantment bound me ;—once I longed to weep
Because a rose was scentless. In that Lotos air
All human truth, and tenderness were put to sleep.

At last, one sunset, toward my palace strayed a child
Who sobbed that she was lost ; we could not make her gay,
Nor charm her from her grief. She would not be beguiled
From moaning for her home, and mother, far away.

Within my arms I held her, till the slumbering thing
That used to be my heart (I dreamed it had been dead !)
Stirred with a sense of anguish ; faint and fluttering,
My soul awoke. Then suddenly I cried with dread :

'We both have lost our way, the little child and I !
A sadder wandering than hers, mine own has been.

We will go home together. Blessèd memories lie
Far, far beyond this palace where I've reigned a queen."

Out in the starry night we wandered. Earth was cold,
And cottage lights were very, very far away.
So many years it seemed—I thought you must be old,
And wondered if you'd know me, if my hair were gray.

The little child still led me; she was brave and good.
She sang about her home, her mother and her bird,
Till suddenly her mother in the pathway stood,
And clasped her in her arms. I passed without a word;

And then, I woke up sobbing, Ernest, on your breast.
You thought, perhaps, the east wind blew beneath the tree
And chilled me while I slept. Ah, dear, you never guessed
That even in a dream, so faithless I could be!

You only smile and kiss me! Dearest, does it seem
Strange that the weird, unloving glory haunts me yet?
Hold, hold me to your heart until that evil dream
Shall pass away forever, like an idle threat.

IN MEMORIAM. F. B. C.

CHANCELLORSVILLE.—1863.

Ay! Leave the Stripes and Stars
Above him, with the precious cap and sash;
The mute mementoes of the battle-crash,
And of a hero's scars.

Rest, gallant soldier, rest!
Ennobled e'en in dying: Christ's true knight
Is now a king, in royal glory bright,
With "Victor" on his crest.

And yet—God giveth sleep:
No earthly victor's laurels ever shed
A glory like the halo round his head.
He loved him—should you weep?

Say ye, "His life is lost;
Our home's sweet comfort, and our crown of hope?"
Nay, friends! His life has now a grander scope:
A living holocaust

To God, and Truth, and Right.
It aye hath been ; and if the gleaming coal
On God's own altar hath upborne the soul
In fiery chariot bright,

'Mid battle roar and strife ;
If to the fearless soldier, God's release
Came swiftly with the seal of perfect peace
Upon his earthly life,

Ay, though it sorely crush
The hearts that clung to him—poor hearts that ache,
With yearning sense of loss—oh, for his sake
Each wail of anguish hush !

And yet, ye well may weep,
As those who mourned the holy martyr erst,
On whose glad eyes Heaven's waiting glories burst,
Before "he fell asleep."

A hero-heart is still,
And eyes are sealed ; and loving lips are mute,
Which bore on earth the Spirit's golden fruit.
But peace ! It was God's will.

And for our precious land,
The land he loved, and died for in her need,—
The blood of heroes is the nation's seed—
As he stood, let us stand.

The Lord of hosts doth reign.
He crowned your soldier, "dying at his guns."
Oh, be the nation worthy of such sons—
The noble-hearted slain!

And so we sadly lay,
Yet not all sadly, though with tearful eyes,
A little nameless flower where he lies,
And gently steal away.

A MEMORY.

"BEHOLD! your house is left unto you desolate."
Sad words to write above a home so fair and sweet!
For still the autumn moonlight struggles through the gate
That opens with wide welcome no more to my feet.

A MEMORY.

Like giant sentinels the lofty locusts stand,
And on the leaf-strewn lawn their spectral shadows fling.
Below, the silver brook, by arch of moonbeams spanned,
Still ripples on as erst, in willful wandering.

Great sycamores beyond reach far their stalwart arms,
And make a cool green darkness on the grass beneath.
Around, a flood of light—oh, light that never warms!
Lies like a halo o'er a brow still fair in death.

I stand upon the bridge above the rippling brook.
Yonder the boat lies moored beside the lakelet's brink.
I cast a pebble in the depths below, and look
Far down where broken moonbeams seem to dive and sink.

Earth's brightest gleams are only shades of heaven's light;
A drop may type the sea—a hill-top, Sion's crest;
And angels sing from day-dawn through the starry night,
"Arise ye and depart, for this is not your rest."

The Eden curse is written on our fairest things;
They vanish like a sunbeam in an infant's grasp.
We know our angels when we see their fluttering wings,
And feel them slipping surely from our human clasp.

And hearts must ache. I know I need not turn to-night
With wistful longings toward the house that crowns the knoll.
The darkened windows show no gleam of inner light:
It is the "earthly house," without the deathless soul.

And yet I can not choose, but sadly stand and watch,
Though vainly, as the watcher o'er a friend that's dead;
As if, beguiled by vague, unspoken hope, to catch
A glimpse, as brief as precious, of the spirit fled.

By memory's might once more the ruddy fire-light streams
From out the cheerful windows of the southward room.
But, ah! to be so sure that never but in dreams
That sweet home fire-light shall disperse the twilight gloom!

Oh, for one moment's glimpse of unforgotten years!
And yet I would not bring the dead Past back again.
Slowly we learn to suffer without many tears,
And with a trustful front to meet the passing pain.

A smile like God's own peace lies over all to-night—
A holy silence that should make earth's sorrows mute:
But while our vanished loved ones walk in cloudless light
Our heart-strings thrill and quiver like a storm-swept lute.

Ah, desolate Sweet Home! most precious still to me
For memories too sacred and too sad to die!
God's blessing ever rest upon our old roof-tree!
And holy angels guard our childhood's home for aye!

HOW BENNY GOT HIS DRUM.

Our Benny breathed the northern air,
While, 'neath the southern sun,
The tide of war still ebbed and flowed,
Before sweet peace was won.
Full bold and high his young heart beat
With thrill of patriot life,
Whene'er he heard the tramp of feet,
The sound of drum and fife;
And, to his boyish heart, the sum
Of earthly hope and joy
Was to possess a drummer's drum,
Like a real drummer-boy.
But then 'twould cost so very much,
And Benny could not get

The prize for many a month or year
Unless he ran in debt.
And that would never, never do,
For Kitty said, " 'Tis best
To buy what we can pay for, Ben,
And go without the rest."

" Yet, Kitty dear, I do so wish
That I might have the drum,
Oh, do you think that I might ask
The Lord to make one come
To me—a drum like cousin Hal's,
So big, and striped, and bright?
I'd like to ask the Lord for it,
But do you think it's right?"

" Why, Benny dear, you know we are
Too poor, now, to afford
To buy a drum like Hal's for you;
But then we know the Lord
Can send you one, if it is best,
And I am sure He'll hear

You, even tho' He should not give
The thing you ask for, dear."

When out of school, each hour the boy
Worked in the little store,
Where Kitty struggled hard to keep
The wolf outside their door.
And yet a moment's time he found
At noon of every day
To go, unknown to any one,
In solitude away
And ask his Father in the skies
To send to him the drum;
But, though he waited patiently,
No answer seemed to come.

At last, one day he came, and said,
With quiet, wistful eyes:
"Sister, it really seems to me
Our Father in the skies
Must see it would be bad for me
Or else He would have sent

The drum I asked Him for, and so,—
And so, I am content."

But sister Kitty's heart was full,
And to a friend one day
She spoke of Benny's faith in prayer,
And of the simple way
He rested in God's power to grant
While still His love denied.
The neighbor listened silently,
Then suddenly replied:
"The boy shall have the drum he wants
This very afternoon.
The child has taught me how to pray,
He'll have his answer soon!"

With merry shout Ben came from school,
And at the open door
His sister said: "Ben, look behind
The counter in the store!"
'Twas really there, the wished-for drum!
"It's from the Lord!" he said,

And clasping it, with grateful joy
He bowed his curly head.
Then seized the drum and measured it;
And wondering Kitty heard:
"It's like Him—it is just like Him!"
"Oh, Benny, what a word!
What do you mean to say, dear Ben?"

"Why, sister dear, I prayed
The Lord to send a smaller drum,
Because I was afraid
To ask for one as big as this;
But this is just the kind,
The very kind and size, you know,
I wished for in my mind!
And don't you think the Lord was good,"
Said Benny, with a smile,
"To give me what I did not ask,
But wanted all the while?"

ALLEN GRAEME.

In the gloaming, doun the brae,
In the bonnie sweet May weather,
I was strollin', but my heart
Dowie was as winter heather.

An' for that I was na blithe,
I was singin' sic a sang
To mysel', that Allen Graeme
Stoppit, as he cam' alang.

Never footfa' on the moss
Was sae licht an' yet sae free,
For I did na hear him, till
Doun he bent, an' spak' to me.

"Dinna flyte me, Jeanie, lass!"
Said he, wi' his laughin' e'en,
While he sudden caught my cheeks
Lichtly his twa han's atween.

Sic a laddie as he was!
Tho' I couldna cry nor speak,

Up I sprang, an' wi' my han',
Slappit fairly on his cheek.

"Oh, my cheekie!" laughit he,
"Jeanie, sure ye've spraint your wrist!
Ilka bairn wha gies ae blow,
Willy—nilly, maun—be kissed!"

A' my face was red wi' shame,
But, ah, me! he was sae strang
That I couldna stir a feut,
Till he cried, "An' noo the sang,

Jeanie, ye were singin' sweet,
When this wicked riever came!"
Quick as thocht, I sprang awa'
Frae his side, an' rin for hame.

Mickle gude it was in truth!
For he turned like flash o' e'en,
Caught my han's in his an' cried,
"Stirling's castle, bonnie queen,

" Has nae tower strang eneuch
For sic rin-a-wa's as this.
Gin ye dinna bide in peace,
Mind! ye'll lose anither kiss!"

" Ne'er was hapless Stuart queen
In sic tyrant's han's!" I cried.
" If ye canna thole my han's,
In my heart, oh, Jeanie, bide!"

Lookin' doun upo' his han's,
Like a witless bairn I stude,
Mindin' o' the winter nicht
When the cottage i' the wude,

(Whaur her lane, auld Peggy leeved),
A' was wrapt in smoke an' flame,
An' nane ither daured to brave
Death for her, save Allen Graeme.

" Ha'e ye wives an' mithers, men,
An' ye'll let yon woman dee?"
Cried he, when thro' blindin' smoke,
Flames an' darkness dashit he.

Wun'nerin' stude the neebor folk,
Till, frae oot the reek an' flame,
Wi' auld Peggy in his arms,
Back frae death came Allen Graeme.

Brawest sodgers bring awa'
Cross o' Honor frae the waurs,
Sae did Allen bear for aye
On his brow an' han's the scaurs

Frae yon cruel, leapin' flames,
Frae yon steady awfu' heat.—
Mindin' o' it a', I stude,
Till I maist was like to greet.

Silent i' the gloamin' licht,
Stude we baith, nor spak' ae word,
Till he said, "Oh, mak' your bield
In my heart, my bonnie bird!

"Jeanie, will ye?" said he low,
Wi' his e'en bent fu' on me.
"Bide for aye—or gang the noo—
Bonnie birdie, ye are free!"

Wilfu' wean, I turned to gae,
Tho' I luved him mair than a'.
Low said Allen, "Jeanie mine?"
An' I—didna gang awa'.

OUR OLD PIANO.

Don't say it's foolish, for the tears will come!
It is not soulless wood and ivory I see:
From out the voiceful past, dear lips now dumb
Through every note and chord are calling unto me.

Upon its music come to me again
My mother's gentle voice, her touch upon my hair;
The fire-light dances on the walls, as when
We watched it, building children's castles in the air.

The laughing joy of spring-time thrills the notes,
And gathered wild flowers breathe their life out on the keys.
The wailing wind of autumn o'er it floats,
And shakes the falling glory from the golden trees.

OUR OLD PIANO.

In summer days once more the southward room
  Is sweet and cool with dewy, dainty mignonette ;
White locust blossoms shed their flakes of bloom
  On dauntless purpling pansy, and meek violet.

Through sleepy noons I hear the hum of bees,
  And in the deepening silence sings the brook below ;
The day wears on, and beautiful old trees
  Stand all transfigured in the dying sunset glow.

And in the twilight, when the glow is gone,
  Once more, in dreams, I sing my heart's song unto you ;
High hopes, brave struggles, victories lost and won,
  And longings ever rising, as the music grew.

Oh, dear old friend of childhood, could my touch
  Upon your keys bring back, one moment, to my heart
The deep content of home I loved so much !
  But memory can not cheat, and only tears will start.

. . . . . .

For it is hard to leave you, hard to know
  That careless children's hands will ramble o'er the keys,

Will crash the chords we loved to strike so low,
That breathless we must catch the last, faint harmonies.

Oh, little hand! I pray you softly touch,
And wake the far-off echoes of our childhood's years;
And may the faithful friend we loved so much,
Make gladder all your laughter, and beguile your tears!

"THE WA-GANG O' HER THE HEART GANGS WI'."

(OLD SCOTCH SONG.)

Oh, blessèd City o' my God, sweet Hame beyond the stars,
A cagèd bird my spirit beats her wings against these bars,
For luve o' thee, an' langing sair His glorious Face to see.
Wha hung for us on Cross o' shame, in darkness and in dree.
Wi'in yon walls o' shinin' strength, oh, may I enter sune,
But I maun leave this side the gates my pilgrim staff an' shoon.
Dear fr'en's wha luve me, dinna weep, why suld your grief be sair,
That ane wha wrought ae little hour shall rest for evermair!

An' noo, I'm ganging Hame, mine ain, mine ain, luved well and lang,
I thocht na that ae human thing could be sae passing strang,
But, oh, it is na earthly luve, but spirit luve an' true,
That winna, winna loose the cord whilk houds my heart to you.
"Whom God hath joined," the Master saith, "let man nae put apart!"
Nae floods nor flames, nae life nor death maun sunder heart frae heart.
Oh, Heaven is na far awa' frae earth and human things,
For whiles, I've thocht I maist could hear the rush o' angel's wings,
An' when my heart beat close to yours, my Ither Heart, my Luve,
I prayed we twa might enter sae the bonnie Land abuve.
But God aye kens the best for us! I didna think to gae,
An' leave ye lanesame, Dearest Heart, but He has willed it sae.
Ye are the brawest o' the twa, ye'll have the langest strife,
While I hae weary grown wi' a' the march an' fecht o' life.
Ye'll hae the brightest croun, my Luve, when Jesus ca's your name,
An' sen's His bright wing'd angels doun to bear ye to our Hame!

"THE WA-GANG O' HER THE HEART GANGS WI'."

Oh, dinna greet! ye'll break my heart. I canna lang to gae,
E'en when my Savior's ca'ing me, if ye will sorrow sae.
Oh, mind ye, we maun keep our troth wi' ilk ane, an' wi' God;
We twa ha'e vowed to bear His Cross, to clasp the Shepherd's rod.
We maunna, maunna grieve His Heart, altho' our strength be sma',
He's plighted His sure word o' truth, He winna let us fa'!

It is nae dream, nae vision fause, yon bonnie Land I see!
Lift up your heads, oh, gates o' pearl, an' open unto me;—
To me—to me, a sinner saved by Jesus' righteousness!
Oh, yon bright angel wad be fain to wear my glorious dress,
Dyed a' wi' royal crimson, an' yet fairer than the sna',
It wraps my earthly weakness up, an' sin is ta'en awa'!
Oh, happy heart that wins, sae sune, yon shinin' gates wi'in!
Oh, blessèd heart that's left to fight God's battle still wi' sin!
Noo kiss me aince before I sleep, and lay me doun to rest!
Dear Luve, gude nicht! Ae moment, an' Ill wake on Jesus' breast!

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